

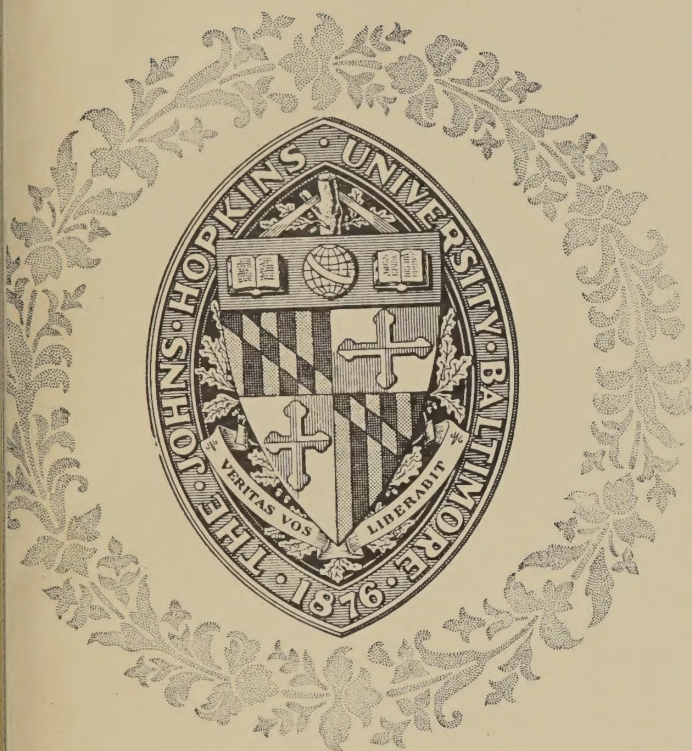
NEW MISCELLANY - LONDON, 1737







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A new miscellany for the year 1737.

1737.

New MISCELLANY

For the YEAR 1737.

CONTAINING

- I. The Vision of the GOLDEN RUMP, printed in the Papers call'd *Common Sense*, of *March* 19. and *March* 26.
- II. A Dissertation upon *Kicking*, printed in the same Paper of *June* 11.
- III. The Lord C——d's SPEECH against the Play-Bill, in the House of Peers.
- IV. C——C——r's Letter to the *Craftsman*, upon the Bill for restraining the Stage, printed in that Paper of *July* 2.
- V. The Year of Wonders.
- VI. The Man of Honour.
- VII. A Letter from G. KELLY, &c.
- VIII. The ALCHYMIST of *June* 4. 1737.
- IX. FOG's Journal, *July* 16.

Printed in the Year, 1737.

(Price One Shilling.)

NEW MISCELLANY

For the YEAR 1737.

CONTAINING

I. The Vision of the GOLDEN RUMPS, printed
in the Spectator calling for a second issue, and
above 20.

II. A Dissertation upon Kneeling, printed in the same
paper of June 11.

III. The third C———A SPEECH against the
Bills, &c. in the House of Commons.

IV. C———A letter to the Congress, upon the
Bill for restraining the press, printed in the paper of
June 11.

V. The Year of Wisdom.

VI. The Plan of Education.

VII. A letter from the Hon. Mr. G.

VIII. The Anniversary of June 4. 1737.

IX. The Journal, &c. &c.

Printed in the Year 1737.

(Printed by J. D.)



A

New MISCELLANY, &c.

INTRODUCTION.



WAS reading the other Night a *Treatise of Oracles*, which were formerly the chief Support of the Heathen Theology. The Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delphos* attracted the greatest Veneration, and was famous through the whole World. There was no State or Potentate that did not consult the *Delphic* Oracle in all their Undertakings and Difficulties; and there was scarce a private Family, of any Distinction, which did not, upon some Occasions, inquire of that God concerning their domestick Affairs. There must certainly have been a Succession of wise and learned Men, who ministred in the Temple at *Delphos*; Men, who were well acquainted with the History and Antiquities of the World; who were skilled in Geography and Navigation, and in all the Arts of Government Religious and Civil; and who understood the Interest and Power of remoter Kingdoms, as well as of the neighbouring Nations. If this be allow'd, it could not pose the Oracle to make a proper Answer to general Questions, especially to all National Enquiries. Were the God of the *Golden Tripod* now in being, would it be difficult for him to inform the curious Politician, why the *Spaniards* evacuated *Tuscany*? Why the *Hollanders* are unwilling to be govern'd by a Stadtholder? And what will at last be the Fate of the *Corficans*, and their Masters likewise? If indeed any insidious Questions were proposed, we ought not to blame the God, if he made use of his old Artifices, and returned uncertain and ambiguous Answers. For Instance, were he to be examined concerning the Great Talents of the present Rulers of *Europe*,

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and a categorical Answer were demanded from him, who of all their Mightinesses is the wisest, it could not reasonably be expected, that, where all are *Solomons*, he should give a Preference to any particular Sovereign. I know some learned Moderns, as *Vossius*, *F. Simon*, &c. have ascribed all Oracles to the Inspiration of the Devil: But *Van Dalin*, in a Treatise published in 1683, proves to a Demonstration, that they were mere Impostures, the Inventions of the Heathen Priests to draw Money from the People; in which they sometimes acted without Disguise. For the God of *Delphos* was frequently bribed to accommodate his Responses to the ambitious and political Views of his Votaries. This made *Demosthenes* say, that *Pythia Philippi-ized*, when he perceived the Oracle so partial to *Philip* King of *Macedon*, as to utter every thing that favoured the Designs of that Monarch, who was attempting to enslave all the Free Cities of *Greece*. 'Tis no wonder, that *Philip* used this Stratagem, since the *Delphic Apollo* had so much Weight and Influence in all human Councils, and directed all the Great Affairs of the World. It might indeed be a Matter of Wonder to us, that a Piece of Brass or Stone should be worshipped as a Divinity, and accounted the Oracle of Truth, if we did not behold the same thing practised at this Day. For I believe two Thirds of the Globe are at present under the Dominion of *Pagods*, who are animated and endued with Speech by the same Arts that inspired the God of *Delphos*, and *Powell's* Puppets.—I was full of these Reflections, after reading the Treatise I have mention'd above; and that Night I had the following Dream or Vision.

The VISION of the GOLDEN RUMP.

Methought I was upon a large River, in a small *Indian* Canoe, without either Oars or Sails. My Canoe was for some time carried down the Stream with great Rapidity, and at length, by good Fortune, was driven into a little Creek. By this Means, I landed without any Difficulty, in a pleasant Meadow, in which were several Walks of tall Elms like those in *Greenwich* Park. The broadest of these Walks, which was full of Cavaliers all magnificently dressed, was an Avenue that led, at about half a Mile's Distance, to a Temple whose gilded Spires reached the Clouds. Resolving to gratify my Curiosity I joined the Company, which I perceived were hastening to the Temple, when an elderly Gentleman, habited in a Suit of Black Velvet, observing I was a Stranger, made me a handsome Compliment, and offered me his Service. I thanked him for his Civility, and took the Liberty to ask him the Meaning of what I saw. He informed me, that the Persons I observed so richly habited were the *Noblesse* of the Kingdom, who were going to the Temple to celebrate the annual Festival of the GOLDEN RUMP; for
so,

so, it seems, the PAGOD was called: That he was an Officer belonging to the CHIEF MAGICIAN, or VICAR-GENERAL of the HIGH PRIESTESS; and would place me where I might see the whole Ceremony, without being incommoded. Saying this, he led me into the Temple, and directed me to stand in a Niche near the Altar, himself standing close by me during the whole Time the celebration of the Festival lasted. The Temple was a plain, large Room, with a flat Roof, but without any Pillars, like the Theatre at *Oxford*. At the West End was an Altar raised about five Foot from the Floor, on which the Image of the PAGOD was placed. This IDOL was an human Figure, excepting only that he had Goats Legs and Feet, like those which are given by Poets and Statuaries to the old *Satyrs*. His Head was made of Wood, his Body down to the Waist of Silver; and his Posteriors, which were large and prominent, and from whence he deriv'd his Title, were of solid Gold. By this Description the Reader will easily conceive that the Back of the IDOL was turned to the Congregation; an Attitude which I do not remember to have observed among the *Chinese* and *Indian Pagods*. But my friendly Conductor informed me, that he had placed himself in this Posture upon his first Entrance into the Temple, as well to shew his Politeness, as to testify his Respect and Gratitude to a Nation which had elected him into the Number of the *Dii Majores*, or *Greater Gods*. Here I could not help smiling, to think how widely the Custom of this Country differed from mine, where the same Thing, which passed here for Civility, and good Manners, would be reckoned a Mark of Insolence and Brutality.

But to proceed in my Vision———On the Right Hand of the PAGOD stood the TAPANTA (for so the HIGH PRIESTESS was styled) dressed in the Habit of a *Roman* Matron. Her *Stola*, or upper Garment, was of Gold Brocade, adorned with Diamonds and other Jewels. She had a Silver Bell in one Hand, and a small Golden Pipe or Tube in the other, with a large Bag or Bladder at the End of it. It exactly resembled a common Clyster-pipe, and was used, as my Friend explained it to me, in the same manner. For the Bladder was full of *Aurum potabile*, compounded with Pearl Powders, and other choice Ingredients. This Medicine, at proper Seasons, was injected by TAPANTA into the F——d——t of the PAGOD, to comfort his Bowels and preserve his Complexion. It was likewise applied, upon extraordinary Occasions, to appease the IDOL, when he lifted up his cloven Foot to correct his Domesticks who officiated at the Altar. However, as he was naturally very cholerick, so his Fury was sometimes so very sudden and unexpected, that he imprinted visible Marks of it on all who stood near him, ere the HIGH-PRIESTESS had time to apply the golden Clyster. And sometimes the Storm was so loud and violent, and the PRIESTESS

met with such Opposition in those Parts to which she directed her Tube,

(* *Una Furusq; Notusq; ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus*)

that she was unable to apply it at all, at least with any Success. But these unnatural Sallies or Hurricanes had not happened, as my Conductor assured me, above two or three times since the Deification of the PAGOD; and only then, when his Godship was deeply smitten with the Charms of a mortal Dame.

On the Left Hand of the IDOL, opposite to the TAPANTA, stood the CHIEF MAGICIAN, or VICAR-GENERAL. His Habit was a Robe or Mantle of blue Velvet, and underneath a Cassock of white Sattin, embroider'd all over with flying Dragons, and he was called GASTER ARGOS, being thus denominated from his Belly, which was as large and prominent as the PAGOD's Rump. On that Part of the Cassock which covered his Belly, and just beneath his Surcingle, were embroidered these Words in Gold Characters, AURI SACRA FAMES. He had a Rod or Wand in his Hand, which he waved continually to and fro, like *Harlequin Faustus* in modern Pantomime. This Rod, my Conductor told me, belonged heretofore to *Pharaoh's* chief Magician, and still retained its marvellous Virtue; that is, it would change itself into Serpent or Dragon, whenever GASTER ARGOS cast it upon the Ground. There was moreover an Ancient Prophecy or Tradition which prevailed throughout the Land, that the GOLDEN RUMP should continue in the Fulness of his Glory, and the HIGH PRIESTESS and GASTER maintain their Authority, as long as the latter possess'd that Rod; which could never be destroyed or eaten up, but by the Rod of *Aaron*.

My good Friend was proceeding to explain the excellent and miraculous Properties of the magic Rod, and to give me a Detail of the rare Exploits of GASTER ARGOS, when the HIGH-PRIESTESS made the Signal of Adoration by ringing her Silver Bell.

When the People who were gathered together in the Temple heard the Sound of the Silver Bell, they prostrated themselves before the PAGOD, I was likewise obliged to fall down flat on my Face, lest I should have been Marked for an Unbeliever, and consequently expelled the Temple, or, perhaps, have been sacrificed to the IDOL by the superstitious Multitude. After we had continued in that humble Posture two or three Minutes, an hollow, hoarse Voice, which proceeded from the GOLDEN RUMP, uttered the following Words. ' Hearken to my Voice,

* *Cotton's Translation of this Verse in Virgil will best explain my Meaning.*

' all

all ye People, and receive with Reverence the Oracle of Truth. I am the Mightiest among the Mighty, even he that rideth through the Firmament on the Back of the *Great Bear*. In my Presence the Sun is Darkness, and the Moon and Stars, are my Footballs. Harken unto my Voice, all ye Nations, and offer up unto me yourselves, your Sons, and your Sons Sons; your Wives and your Daughters, your Man-Servants and your Maid Servants! Harken unto my Voice, all ye People, and offer up unto me Vessels of Silver, and Vessels of Gold. I say unto you, Vessels of pure Gold, your own and your Neighbours Vessels! so shall ye find Favour in my Sight, and the Man who changeth his Rod into a Serpent, shall fill you with good things. When the Oracle of the *GOLDEN RUMP* had thus delivered himself, all the People rose from the Ground. Immediately the *HIGH-PRIESTESS* rung the Silver Bell a second time; and the *CHIEF MAGICIAN* making a profound Obeisance to the *IDOL*, kneeled before the Altar, and made the following Address, in the Name of the Congregation.

Most illustrious *RUMP*! Thou who art Mightiest among the Mighty, who ridest on the Back of the *Great Bear*, and whose Brightness exceedeth the Brightness of the Sun! With Hearts full of Gratitude we acknowledge thy gracious Favour, and we obey thy Voice. Lo, we offer up ourselves, our Wives, and our Daughters, our Sons, and our Sons Sons, and their Sons which are yet unborn. Lo! we offer up unto Thee our Vessels of Silver, and Vessels of Gold; our own and our Neighbours Vessels, and our Neighbours Neighbours, and their Neighbours, even the Vessels of those who inhabit the remotest Corners of the Land.

Then the *CHIEF MAGICIAN* rising up, turned his Face to the Congregation, and making a Sign with his Hand, there advanced from the middle of the Temple twelve Men clad in blue Velvet, and about twenty four in Red, each having a Basket-Hilt Sword by his Side, and a large *Rump* embroidered in Gold on his Vest, with this *Motto* round it;

RUMPATUR, quisquis RUMPITUR invidia.

I considered this *Motto* as a mere Pun or Quibble, explaining it to myself in this manner; *Whoever envies me, or Whoever is not on my Side, let him be RUMPED*. And I was afterwards much pleas'd to find, that my Friend's Construction of those Words differ'd but little from mine; only he translated the *Latin Verse* into *French*. It will be necessary to inform my Reader, that those goodly Personages, who bore Semblance of Worth, not Substance, were called *Knights* of the *GOLDEN RUMP*, which was the Badge of their Order; that they were the most considerable Inhabitants of the Country, and were the principal *Dome-sticks* of the *PAGOD*.

Next

Next after the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP, came twenty-two *Knights* in Party-coloured Robes of Black and White. These were all *Castellans*; and because they received their Commissions from the HIGH PRIESTESS, they were commonly called TAPANTA's *Knights*. They approached the Altar with great Reverence, their Eyes being steadily fixed on the IDOL. But my Friend assured me they were generally Hypocrites; and were attracted by the Brightness of the Metal of which the PAGOD's Body was made, and not by the Divinity of his Person; that their whole Study was to get a better *Castellan*, and so enrich their Families by the Revenues and Perquisites of their Employments. These *Castellans*, who were likewise Domesticks of the PAGOD, ranged themselves together with the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP, on each Side of the Altar. The third Procession was composed of about two hundred and fifty Men of different Ages, and dressed in different Habits. They were called the *Ecuyers* of the CHIEF MAGICIAN, but were in Truth his Slaves and Vassals. Every one of these *Ecuyers* carried a large Vessel of Gold on his Head, full of square Pieces of the same Metal, each about the Size of a Dye. They set down their Vessels at the Foot of the Altar, and then making three Genuflections, they filed off to the Right and Left, and ranged themselves behind the *Castellans*. Their Vessels, it seems, contained the Annual Offerings, to which the whole Body of the People were obliged, and which had been collected some Days before under the Direction of the CHIEF MAGICIAN, who superintended that Work *ex Officio*. The Offerings (or more properly I may call it a Tribute) were presented in this manner, to prevent Confusion, and shorten the Time of the Solemnity; which must have lasted many Days, if every Native of the Country had been permitted to make his Offerings in Person. When all the Vessels were placed on the Altar, and the HIGH-PRIESTESS had Consecrated them in Form to the Service of the PAGOD; GASTER ARGOS cast his Rod upon the Pavement, which immediately changed into a Serpent, or rather, a monstrous Dragon. The Jaws of the Beast were so wide, that he could easily have swallow'd a whole Ox. But other Prey was designed for him. For no sooner had he beheld the Vessels of Gold, but, seizing them one after another, he gulp'd them down with all their Contents and Appurtenances, in less time than a Dunghil Cock would have pick'd up a dozen Barley-Corns from a Threshing Floor; and yet he did not seem to be half filled or satisfied with his Meal, but looked about for more Food of the same Kind. I once thought he would have snapt at those Parts of the PAGOD which were formed of Gold, when the CHIEF MAGICIAN taking him by the Tale, he became a Small Rod or Wand, as before.

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The Metamorphosis of the Rod did not surprize me more than what followed upon it. The MAGICIAN gently stroked the GOLDEN RUMP with the small End of his Rod, when behold! that Part of the IDOL swelled to such an enormous Size, that (as I conjecture) the unnatural Protuberance, of additional Weight of Gold, was sufficient to make a Statue as large as the Statue in *Grosvenor-Square*, Horse and all.

The PAGOD was highly pleased with his Increase of Metal, and testified his Satisfaction by a loud Grunt; which was esteemed so auspicious a Prefage of future Happiness and Prosperity to the Nation, that it was immediately answered by an universal Acclamation of those who were present in the Temple.

And now to finish the Ceremony of this grand Festival, the TAPANTA took from beneath her Robes a small Silk-Bag, which she delivered to the CHIEF MAGICIAN. As soon as he had received the Bag, he commanded the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP, *Castellans*, and all his own *Ecuyers* or Vassals, to pass in Review before him; to each of whom he presented a small Vellum Ticket, which he took out of the Silk-Bag. The Tickets entitled the Bearers to certain Commanderies, Privileges, and Emoluments, from which all the other Citizens were excluded; as likewise to a daily Allowance of Rice, Oil, Salt, and *Schirás* Wine, in proportion to their Quality and Merit, or the degree of Favour they possessed. They were all very eager to read their Tickets: and some of them, contrary to my Expectation, seem'd to be much dissatisfied with their Portions. I particularly observed, that one of the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP openly demanded from the CHIEF MAGICIAN an additional Measure of Rice, Oil, and Wine, alledging that the Allowance assigned him for a whole Day, was scarce sufficient for his Breakfast: He only agreed to the Quantity of Salt specified in his Ticket, which he acknowleg'd was enough for three Meals. I found my Conductor did not much affect this Cavalier, and he bid me mark him well, that I might know him again. 'Of all the GREAT RUMP's Attendants, he hath
' the most voracious Appetite. Tho', as you see, he is old,
' and very infirm, yet he requires as much Provision for himself, as would subsist a small Army. Formerly he could digest Iron, like an Ostrich; and at this Day he can swallow
' as large a Dose of *Aurum potabile* at one End, as our PAGOD
' can receive at the other: However, for particular Reasons, the
' CHIEF MAGICIAN will endeavour to content him.' Scarce had my Friend done speaking, When GASTER took an Opportunity of whispering the *hungry Knight*, and slipt another Ticket into his Hand. Other Cavaliers followed the Example of the *hungry Knight*, and made new Demands, but without Success; for the CHIEF MAGICIAN gave but little Attention to
what

what they said, or put them off with an half Promise to the next annual Festival.

During the Distribution of these Rewards, there was an Incident that made me laugh heartily. A little old *Knight*, called *Brunchus*, was recompensed beyond any Service he had done, or was capable of rendering to the GOLDEN RUMP; for tho' he had constantly attended at the Altar for above Forty Years, yet he had not Sense enough to learn the common Forms of Prayer. However, he thought he must do as the rest, and therefore demanded larger Appointments. Upon which the CHIEF MAGICIAN called for his Ticket, and endorsed a *Memorandum*, which reduced *Brunchus* to an half Allowance of Rice, Oil, and Wine, *sine Grano Salis*. Whether he could not read the *Memorandum*, or was intimidated by GASTER's Frowns, or was too sordid to resent any Indignity that was offered him; he submitted to the Alteration, and took his Stand again, seemingly very well contented. 'What a Wretch, says my Conductor, is that *Brunchus*! He is one of the richest Men in this Country; he hath no Heir to inherit his vast Estate? he is in the first Class of Nobility; he was *Knight* of the GOLDEN RUMP, when the CHIEF MAGICIAN was only a common Juggler; and yet for a Peck of Rice more, he would worship the Clyster-pipe in TAPANTA's Hand.

After the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP were dispatched, the *Castellans*, or Party-coloured *Knights* advancing towards the CHIEF MAGICIAN, with great Reverence received their respective Tickets; on which were written or engraved, in a large Text Hand, and in Gold Characters, these Monosyllables TRANS and PLUS, by which they were distinguished from the other Tickets. I further observed, that on some of these Tickets the Words were repeated two or three Times; and particularly the fourth Ticket, which was delivered to a *Knight* that halted, had this Inscription, TRANS, TRANS, TRANS, TRANS. 'Mark, says my Conductor, that lame *Knight*. He arrived to the present high Dignity he enjoys, by railing continually against it. He has taken all Occasions to expose his Brethren to Contempt, by ridiculing their Manners, and the Titles they have assumed. He hath in several Discourses endeavoured to prove, that Statutes of his own Order are absurd and impious; and such as ought not to be subscribed by any Man who has common Sense, or common Honesty. He maintains, that the *Castellans* are an useless Body of Men, which should never have been legally established in this Country; and that a rich *Castellan* is a Monster. Would you after this believe that he himself is a *Castellan*, and the richest of all? and that he has twenty Times subscribed to the Statutes of his Order, and as often swore to maintain them?' My good Friend was going on with his Character of the lame *Castellan*, when

when I interrupted him by an Impatience I expressed to know the Meaning of PLUS and TRANS; which I imagined were two very significant Monosyllables in the Place where they stood. Your Conjecture, says he, is right: For these Words convey more than ten Skins of Parchment can do in a Country where the Laws are intricate and voluminous. PLUS is a Term which is to be understood here in the same Sense it is used in *Algebra*; where it is always a Sign of Addition, and is expressed by this Character, \dagger . For Example, 600 plus (or \dagger) 1400, or 1400 plus (or \dagger) 600 is equal to 2000. The junior *Castellans* are very fond of this Algebraical Figure; and no wonder, since it usually brings with it a Stipend of 2000, 3000, 4000, 5000, or perhaps 6000 * *Pagodes* a Year, over and above the ordinary Revenues of their respective *Castellanies*. Observe that *Castellan* who looks towards us! He was formerly a Trumpeter, and now he is possessed of Twelve or Thirteen thousand *Pagodes* a Year, by Virtue of his PLUS Ticket. — Some Years ago there was a general Assembly of *Castellans*; they made a Decree by which the use of PLUS Tickets were forbidden, as being contrary to the original Institution of their Order; but they inserted a Clause of Dispensation, in case the Claimant should be a Person of distinguished Merit. This Article rendered the Prohibition useless; for since that Day, every *Castellan* hath been a Person of distinguished Merit. The PLUS Tickets were invented with a good Design, viz. to cloathe the poor Brethren of the *Castellans* (for they have a poor Brotherhood) and to furnish Salt and Leeks for their Porridge; but the *Castellans*, and those who are Candidates for the *Castellanies*, very early perverted this laudable Institution, and appropriated the PLUS Tickets to themselves. They fare sumptuously, and heap up Riches, whilst they deny their poor Brethren the common Necessaries of Life. Here I interrupted my Friend again, to ask him, if the Monosyllable TRANS were as uncharitable as PLUS. He answered, That TRANS was a Word originally invented for the Use of the *Castellans* only; that it signified *Transnominatio*; and in those Tickets where it is repeated, it signifies *Transmutatio*. The first Term does not require an Explanation; the second is to be understood as it is in *Geometry*, where *Transmutation* means the Change of one Figure or Body into another of the same Area of Solidity, but of a different Form; as a *Triangle* into a *Square*, or a *Pyramid* into a *Parallelopiped*. But if the Word be three or four Times repeated, it must be explained, as in *Alchemy*, the Act of changing or exalting imperfect Metals into Gold or Silver: So that when a *Castellan* hath been

* A Pagode is an Indian Coin.

* *transmuted* three or four Times, he necessarily becomes a
 * *golden Castellan*; for so the rich Knights are generally called.

The CASTELLANS were succeeded by the Vassals or *Ecuyers* of the CHIEF MAGICIAN. These Gentlemen advanced without observing any Order; pressing, squeezing, treading on one another's Heels, and reaching over one another's Shoulders, to receive their *Tickets*; only I remarked they paid some Deference to their Leader. He was an awkward, clumsy Person: He held a Pair of Gold Scales in his Right Hand, while his Left was employed to hold up his Breeches. My Conductor informed me, he was called SACOMA, or the *Weigh-Master*; that he was in great Favour with the GOLDEN RUMP, and nearly related to the CHIEF MAGICIAN; that his Office was to *weigh* the Power and Interest of the Neighbouring Nations, and all the Words and Actions, and even the very Thoughts of their Rulers: That this he could easily do, because his Scales were made of the same Metal as those which *Jupiter* used when he weighed the Fates of mighty Combatants. 'By this Means,' *said my Conductor*, SACOMA hath defeated all the Designs which have been formed against the Theocracy of the GOLDEN RUMP. For whenever he discovers the Increase of Empire, or the malevolent Intentions of any infidel State or Potentate, he casts a *Talisman* into the opposite Scale; which immediately reduces the exorbitant Power of our Enemies, and makes them fall down and worship the GOLDEN RUMP. For this Reason we have no Occasion for Soldiers, or Garrison Towns; but wholly rely on the Skill of the excellent SACOMA, to whom we owe our present Security, and the flourishing Condition of this Country. Some Troops indeed we have, who are allowed to wear Military Habits; but they are Troops of Players, who are retained in the Service of the PAGOD, and are appointed to act a Farce or comic Interlude on certain statted Festivals.' While my Friend was giving me this Account of the SACOMA, all the *Ecuyers* had received their *Tickets*: And just as I was going to ask him some Questions concerning others among them in whose Habits or Gestures I remarked any thing very singular, the HIGH PRIESTESS rung her Silver Bell. As soon as the CHIEF MAGICIAN heard this Signal, he addressed himself to the Congregation in a short Speech; wherein, after having enumerated the many excellent Qualities of the GOLDEN RUMP, and all the good Things he had done for the People, he acquainted us, that his *Pagodship* was engaged to sup with *Jupiter* that Evening in *Æthiopia*; where they were to settle Affairs of the greatest Importance, and such, as when they were made publick, would fill the whole World with Wonder. Saying this, he laid down his Rod with great Reverence at the Feet of the PAGOD: The Rod, as before, was immediately changed into an huge Dragon—and the Dra-

gon (who, it seems, knew his Business perfectly well) took the IDOL on his Back, and flew with him out of the Temple (the Roof of the Temple rising up like a *Portcullis*) with as much Ease as *Jupiter* carried away little *Ganymede*. When the PAGOD was out of sight, the HIGH PRIESTESS pronounced a Blessing, and then dismissed the Congregation; retiring to her own Apartment through a Passage behind the Altar, attended only by the CHIEF MAGICIAN. I was so amazed at what I had seen, that I stood in a profound Revery, till the Greatest Part of the Congregation was departed. At length my Conductor pulled me by the Sleeve, and spoke thus to me.

‘ You see the Power of our PAGOD; but a Word in your
 ‘ Ear: Do not imagine he is really gone to sup in *Æthiopia*.
 ‘ He never mounts the Dragon, but when he is in an amorous
 ‘ Fit. He had beheld, among his Votaries, some mortal Female,
 ‘ who had smitten him to the Heart. He is now addressing
 ‘ himself to her in the Shape of a Paroquet, or some other
 ‘ beautiful Bird; or, perhaps, he is fallen into her Bosom in a
 ‘ Shower of Gold; in which Form he never fails to succeed.
 ‘ Nor ought this to derogate from his high Dignity. Have not
 ‘ all the Pagan Deities subjected themselves in like manner to
 ‘ human Passions? How often has *Jupiter* transformed himself
 ‘ into a Bird or a Beast? And did not he once stop the Course
 ‘ of the Sun for twelve Hours, that he might lie so much
 ‘ longer with another Man’s Wife? If you examine our Mythology,
 ‘ you will perceive that all those Gods, who are the
 ‘ Work of Mens Hands, or who are represented by Statues,
 ‘ which are the Work of Mens Hands, have frequently submitted
 ‘ to the Power of Love; from old *Saturn* the King
 ‘ down to *Apis* the Egyptian Ox. I must, however confess
 ‘ that these Love Sallies sometimes produce very bad Effects
 ‘ and even render the Divinity of our great Pagod suspected;
 ‘ whereof the CHIEF MAGICIAN hath wisely dissembled the real
 ‘ Cause of his Absence. Besides, my Patron hath not lost the
 ‘ Remembrance that the first Person of his Name and Family
 ‘ was destroyed for concerning himself in a * God’s Amours. But
 ‘ I wish, with all his Care, he may be able to conceal this Incident
 ‘ from the common People. For we have among us a
 ‘ great Number of Hereticks and Unbelievers, who take all
 ‘ Occasions to expose the GOLDEN RUMP, and ridicule his
 ‘ sacred Mysteries. Instead of coming here, as they ought, to
 ‘ join in the Celebration of this grand Festival, they meet in
 ‘ separate Congregations, and private Clubs, where the Rump
 ‘ of a *Buffalo* is set before them. To this they offer a Libation;
 ‘ and this (as they pretend) is the true original Rump
 ‘ which was worshipped by our Ancestors; and for many Ages,

* See the Fable of IO.

• preserved our People in Health, Strength, and Prosperity.
 • They impiously assert, that there is more Divinity in a Beef
 • Collop, than in the whole Body of our mighty PAGOD; like
 • those Barbarians, who paid a greater Veneration to their *Leeks*
 • and *Onions*, than to *Jupiter* himself, and all the Race of Gods
 • descended from him. These Men are neither to be converted
 • by the Miracles of GASTER's Rod, nor intimidated by the Ap-
 • pearance of his Dragon; altho' the Beast, if he were let loose
 • upon them, would devour them all at a Meal. In short, they
 • pretend to govern themselves by Reason and Philosophy, and
 • will have no God but one of their own chusing. If they had
 • sufficient Power, they would instantly melt down the Body
 • of our PAGOD for the Use of the Poor, and crucify the CHIEF
 • MAGICIAN for a Terror to all of his Profession. In the Place
 • of the former they would set up the Statue of that Blue-ey'd
 • Virago, *Pallas Athena*; and supply the Room of our GASTER
 • ARGOS, by recalling an old Maid, one *Astræa*, who for her
 • Impertinence was banished the Earth above Four Thousand
 • Years ago.

As for the HIGH PRIESTESS——Here I was awaked by the
 bawling of an Hawker under my Window, who desired his
 Customers to open their Eyes, and purchase Two pennywoth of
 COMMON SENSE.

A DISSERTATION upon KICKING.

WHEN I took upon me this Province of a Publick
 Writer, I was resolv'd to the best of my poor Capa-
 city, to make this Paper Entertaining as well as In-
 structive to my Readers; in order to which, I judg'd it would
 be absolutely necessary not to dwell too long upon the same Sub-
 ject.——Man, as well as Woman, delights in Variety, and
 the Mind, as well as the Palate, must have Change of Diet.
 ——The *Quicquid agunt Homines*, is indeed a large Field for
 Wit and Satire to exercise themselves upon; but often, of late,
 when I had chose my Subject, and sat down with Design of com-
 municating my Thoughts upon it, I found, upon Recollection,
 that I had been anticipated by some other Authors who had lived
 before me.

The *Spectator*, of moral and facetious Memory, reform'd the
 Perriwigs, the Canes, and the Sword-Knots of the Fops; nay
 he tripp'd up their red Heels, if I may be allow'd that Expression.
 ——As to the Fair Sex, he handled them from Head to
 Foot; not a Part about a fine Lady was left untouch'd.——In a
 Word, whenever I take up the *Spectator*, I am ready every
 Minute to break out into the same Exclamation that a Poet of
Gaseigny utter'd upon reading over a beautiful Ode of *Horace*,

——D---mn

—————*Damn these Ancients* (says he) *they have stolen all my fine Thoughts.*

Writers, of such universal Talents, may draw something that is useful and entertaining from the most barren Subject in Nature ———— The *Spectator*, before mention'd, has been very learned upon Dancing. ———— We have had Writers of but a second or third Class in Fame, who have had their Excellencies: A Baronet of *North Britain* has publish'd a large Quarto upon the Art of Fencing; and a Baronet of *Worcestershire* has obliged the World with a Treatise of immense Erudition upon the Gymnastic Science, or the Art of Wrestling.

But no People come up to the *Germans* in their indefatigable Industry for searching Antiquity. ———— What immense Volumes of ancient Learning have they rescued from Cobwebs and Oblivion!

————— How have they work'd through the Rust of Time, to make Discoveries for the Improvement of Mankind! And with what infinite Labour have they collected the valuable Fragments scatter'd in different Authors, upon Subjects of high Importance to the learned World!

I have myself seen a History written by one of the *German Literati*, intituled, *De Veterum Lucernis & Candelabris*; Of the Lamps and Candlesticks of the Ancients. It is certain we should be groping in the Dark in Search of many Things belonging to Antiquity, had they not held out Lights to us. ———— Another, who was as bright a Genius as the former, was twenty Years in compiling a Treatise *De Chirothecis & Ocreis*; Upon Gloves and Boots.

I have been credibly inform'd by Travellers, that there is a large Folio Manuscript in the Elector *Palatine's* Library, *De Miseriis ambulantium* ———— On the Misery of walking on Foot; in which there is a Physical Dissertation upon Corns. There are several Volumes, ———— *De Veterum Cultellis & Furcis*; Of the Knives and Forks of the Ancients, written by one *Vanderbackle*, enrich'd with Cuts; an Art that has contributed very much to illustrate *German Wit*. ———— What need I mention the great *Bamboozle-bergius*, who has made a Collection *De Mendaciis Antiquorum*; Of the Lies of the Ancients; which Work, we hear, is shortly to be printed here, for the Improvement and Edification of the Youth of this Kingdom, a certain great Man having taken upon him to patronize it: So that I hope every Person in Employment will be obliged to subscribe, under Pain of being cashier'd.

I have likewise been inform'd, that there has been for several Years, in the publick Library at *Ratisbon*, a most curious Manuscript, *De Colaphis & Calcationibus Veterum*; Of the Kicks and Cuffs of the Ancients; written by the learned *Vanhoofius*; and that a Copy of this Work was some Years ago transmitted into *England*, to be laid up in the Royal Library of *St. James's*;
that

that it has been carefully revised and collated by the learned Doctor B——y, who has amended an Error in the Title; for he has proved, that the Substantive *Colophis*, must have been an Interpolation of the Transcriber; and of Consequence, the true Reading is, *De Calcationibus Veterum*; which he translates thus, ———— *Of the Kicks on the A——— of the Ancients.* ————

This shews how Learning must have suffer'd through the Ignorance of Transcribers, were it not for the Accuracy of such judicious Criticks.

To confess the plain Truth, I had a Design of writing something upon this Subject myself, and have already been at no small Pains in looking over the *Cotton* and *Bodleian* Libraries. ———— I don't know but it would be very well worth while to take a Journey to *Rome*, on purpose to consult that of the *Vatican*, but I am a little too much confined at present; I therefore beg the Assistance of the Learned of both our Universities, and hope they will be so good to communicate whatever Discoveries they may have made upon this Subject in the Course of their Reading; and as I should be glad to enrich this Paper with the choicest Flowers of Antiquity, I intend to publish them here. ————

It is a Subject, well handled, that must give great Satisfaction to the Curious; nay, I could wish the World was but well inform'd of some late Truths concerning Kicking, I fancy it would contribute towards curing the Spleen of the whole Nation.

The Stage is the Representation of the World, and certainly a Man may know the Humours and Inclinations of the People, by what is liked or disliked upon the Stage; and I have often observ'd a kicking to be the most diverting Scene in a modern Comedy. ———— We have had several Poets of our own Nation who have succeeded very well this Way. ———— There is a kicking betwixt Sir *Harry Wildair* and Alderman *Smuggler*, in the Comedy call'd the *Trip to the Jubilee*; which is allow'd by the ablest Criticks to be a Master-piece of good Writing: There is also a kicking in the *Old Batchelor*, and another in the *Squire of Alfacia*, which are excellently well penn'd.

Of all the Comedians who have appeared upon the Stage within my Memory, no one has taken a kicking with so much Humour as our present most excellent Laureat, and I am inform'd his Son does not fall much short of him in this Excellence; I am very glad of it, for as I have a Kindness for the young Man, I hope to see him as well kick'd as his Father was before him.

Hitherto, indeed, these Kickings have been only the Support and Ornament of the Comick Scene; I wish with all my Heart some Poet of a sublime Genius would venture to write a Kicking in a Tragedy: I am very well persuaded, if an Author was to introduce a King kicking a first Minister, it would have a very good Effect: Such an Incident must certainly give great Pleasure

to the Audience, and contribute very much to the Success of the Play.

But to come nearer to my present Purpose——I have taken no small Pains in examining Authors, to find out when this Custom of kicking first began in the World. —— I am sorry the Writers of History have not been a little more particular in a Matter of so great Importance to Mankind.

Some of the *Roman Emperors, Nero, Domitian, and Caligula*, were given to kicking; so indeed was our *Harry the Eighth*, he made nothing of kicking the House of Commons.——There is a Box on the Ear recorded of *Queen Elizabeth*; it was a sudden Sally of jealous Love; it was but a kind of *aigre Douceur*; and it does not appear that it was the Fashion of her Court.

——The Action of Kicking might be thought a little too robust for the Delicacy of her Sex, and it might have exposed the Royal Legs & *cetera*, to the Sneers of the young Fellows of the Court, therefore she modestly turned it into a Box on the Ear.

As no Man can account how Fashions rise and fall, who knows but the Practice of kicking upon every trifling Occasion, may become a Fashion in this Kingdom.——One of the greatest Wits of our Nation has placed the Seat of Honour in a certain Part of the Body that I don't well know how to describe. It is the Part which we must not name in well-bred Company, yet happy is the Fair Maid who shall rise with that Part uppermost in a Morning, good Luck shall attend her, and all the Wishes of that Day shall be crown'd with Success; but if I must describe it plainer, it is the Part where School Boys are punished for false Concords, and for playing Truant——If it should, I say, become a Fashion, you would see a Fellow at Court, who had just receiv'd a most gracious Kick on that Part return as proud as a Citizen from being Knighted; and why not the Honour of Knighthood be conferr'd this Way, as well as by the Sword? And, indeed, why might not all Titles be conferr'd this Way?

And again, if you should happen to see a Crowd of Slaves running to the Levee of some Court Favourite in a Morning, and any Body should ask how comes this Man to be so courted, or so followed, the natural Answer in this Case would be, he has been lately kick'd into Reputation, or he has been lately kick'd into Preferment.

I cannot see why it might not be turned to be of excellent Use towards carrying on the Designs of Ministers of State, that is to say, in case they shou'd happen to be pursuing Measures apparently destructive of the Liberties of their Country; for in this Case they must, for their own Safety, be obliged to bribe the Representatives of the People, and as they would certainly bribe with the People's Money, not with their own, and as I should

should think it a very right Thing to save the publick Money, I should for that Reason humbly propose, that kicking might be introduced into publick Business, instead of bribing; I don't doubt but it might answer all the same Purposes, for I am firmly of Opinion, that whoever will take a Bribe, will take a Kicking.

I believe some Examples may be brought where it has been made use of with Success? Men, I say, have been kick'd as well bribed into Measures against their Country, and therefore it is not at all improbable but it may, some Time or other, become a Method of carrying on State Affairs. — If we should live to see that Day, young Princes, instead of Riding, Fencing, and Dancing, would have proper Masters provided to instruct them in kicking; and as he that undertook to eat a Sword began by eating a Dagger, so a young Adept should begin by kicking his Hat, before he was put to kick a Man.

As to the young Nobility and Gentry, instead of Wasting their Youth in studying to understand *Horace* and *Virgil*, they might be instructed to take a kicking with a good Grace; by which Means you would see a polite Nobility, a valiant Gentry, a most pious dignified Clergy, and a Court that would be a Constellation of the most illustrious Personages of the Kingdom.

There is a Court of Honour in all the Countries of *Europe*: In *France* the Mareschals or Generals preside in it — In *England* the Judge of the Court of Honour is Hereditary in the Family of the first Duke of the Kingdom — I should think that the Ceremonial of Kicking a Man into a Title, or a great Employment, might be settled by the Judges of these Courts of Honour, if I might be worthy of advising in Matters of so high a Nature; I should think it would be too great a Fatigue for the Prince himself to kick the whole Court, especially in Countries where the Court is numerous; I should therefore be of Opinion, that nobody should have the Honour of being kick'd by the Sovereign, except the first Minister, the principal Secretaries of State, the President of his Councils, and some few others the great Officers of the Crown; but these might kick those next in Employment under them, who might gradually descend, that there should not be a Man in any Employment in the Kingdom but what might be kick'd.

It is not yet indeed become a Custom in any Court of *Europe*, the more is the pity; for I think it would be a truly Royal Exercise for a Prince to divert himself with kicking two or three of his Ministers every Morning, it would contribute to the Preservation of his own health, as well as to the mending the Manners of his Court; and I believe it would have become a Fashion some where or other, were it not that the young Nobility of all Nations travel to *France*, and are apt retain Impressions of what they see there. — The Barbarity of a *French* Education will
not

not suffer a Gentleman to take a Kick from any Person, be he never so great, without some terrible Consequences; but I hope we in this Nation may live to get the better of such Prejudices, which may have this good Consequence, it may introduce an Elegance and Politeness of Manners not known in the World, except amongst the ancient *Goths* and modern *Hottentots*.

I may say, without Vanity, that we are not such Barbarians, but there may be found amongst us some great Men who can pocket up a Kick or a Cuff with as good an Air as they cou'd a Bribe; and as to those splendid Exagitations of——Choler, which are apt to break out into *Rogue* and *Rascal*, I am credibly inform'd some very stately Persons are so used to them, they receive them with the same Countenance, as, *Sir, I kiss your Hands*; this shews we are well disposed for a Reformation of Manners; yet I fear will not grow into general Imitation, unless the Court should set the Example, which I am afraid will not happen; but if we should live to see that Day, the Place-Men must of course all fall into it; and I think it would be pleasant enough when a great Employment became vacant, to see a Parcel of Impudent Fellows in Lace and Embroidery, pressing and elbowing to be kick'd.

If the common People, who are not fond of new Fashions at their first Rise, should discover any Dislike of coming into it, Why might not the Standing Army be employ'd to kick the whole Nation?

The Lord C——d's SPEECH against the Bill for restraining the STAGE.

My Lords,

THE Bill now before your Lordships having pass'd the House of Commons with so much *Precipitancy*, as even to get the *Start* of One that deserved all the *Respect* which could be paid it, has set me on considering why *so much Regard* has been paid to *this*; why it has been pushed into the House at the *Close* of a Session, and press'd, in so singular a Manner; but I confess, I am yet a Loss to find out the *great Occasion*. My Lords, I apprehend it to be a Bill of a *very* extraordinary, a *very* dangerous Nature, and altho' it *seems designed* only as a *Restraint* on the Licentiousness of *the Stage*, I fear, it looks farther, and tends to a Restraint on the *Liberty* of the *Press*, a Restraint on *Liberty itself*.——I have gather'd from common Talk, while this Bill was moving in the House of Commons, That a Play was offer'd the Players, which if my Account was right, is truly of a most scandalous, a most flagitious Nature. What was the Effect?

C

Why

Why they not only *refused to act* it, but carried it to a certain Person in the Administration, as a sure Method to have it suppressed. Could *this* be the Occasion of the Bill? Surely no, the *Caution* of the Players could never Occasion a *Law* to restrain them, it is an Argument in *their* Favour, and a *material One*, in my Opinion, against the Bill, and is to me a *Proof* that the *Laws* are not only *sufficient* to deter *them* from acting what *they* know *would offend*, but also to punish 'em in Case they should *venture* to do it.——My Lords, I must own I have observed of late a remarkable Licentiousness in the Stage. There were two Plays acted last Winter that, one would have thought, would have given the *greatest Offence*, and yet were *suffer'd* without any Censure whatever; in one of these Plays the *Author* thought fit to represent *Religion, Physick, and the Law*, as *inconsistent with Common Sense*; the other was founded on a *Story* very unfit for a Theatrical Entertainment at this Time of Day; a *Story* so recent in the Minds of *Englishmen*, and of *so solemn a Nature*, that unless it be from the *Pulpit*, we ought not to be reminded of it. The Stage may want Regulation, the Stage may have it; and yet be kept within Bounds without a *new Law* for the Purpose. I am against this Bill, as an *unnecessary*, and as a *dangerous One*, and shall give your Lordships my Reason for this Opinion.——My Lords, I observe a *Power* is to be lodged in the Hands of *one, Person only*, to judge and determine the Offences made punishable by this Bill, a *Power too great* to be in the Hands of any One.——When I say this, I am sure, I do *not* mean to give the *least*, the most *distant* Offence, to that Noble Person who fills the Post of L—— C——, and whose natural Candour and Love of Justice, I know would not *permit him* to exercise *that Power* but with the *greatest* Justice and Humanity; and was it *consistent* with the Nature of *Property*, or were we sure that the *Successors* in that Office would always be Persons of such distinguished Qualities, I think such a *Power* could not be trusted in a *safer Hand*.——My Lords One of the *greatest Goods* we can enjoy is *Liberty*; the best Things have their *Allays*; *Liberty* has its *Allay*. *Licentiousness* is the *Allay* of *Liberty*, it is the *Excrease* and the *Eballition* of it.——When I touch the One, it is with a *fearful*, with a *trembling* Hand, lest I should *unwarily* do a *Violence* to the other: Is a *Play a Libel* upon *any One*? The *Law* is sufficient to punish the *Offender*, and the Person in this Case has a *singular* Advantage, he can be at no Difficulty to prove who is the *Publisher* of it, the *Player* himself is the *Publisher*, and there can be no want of *Evidence* to convict him.——When we complain of the *Licentiousness* of the Stage, I fear we have more Reason to complain of *bad measures in our Policy*, and a general Decay of *Virtue* and good *Morals* among us. Let the Censured *mend their Actions*, and *Censure* will retort upon the *Censurer*, the *Ridiculer* make only himself

ridiculous, and Otium will fall to the Ground. In the Roman Story, there is an Instance applicable to the present Occasion: During the Triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Sylla, one Diphilus a Poet had wrote a Play, wherein Pompey was particularly mark'd out, (Pompey at that Time was as well known by the Name of Magnus, as Pompey) and in a Speech of the Play, where the bad Measures of the Time were exploded, it concluded with these Words, Et Miseriâ nostrâ tu es Magnus; upon which the Audience gave a universal Clap of Applause, and were so struck with the Wit and Force of the Expression, that Cicero says, they made the Actor repeat it a hundred Times.——What did Pompey? (who was present on this Occasion) Did he resent the Satire, or the People's Applause? No: his Conduct was wise and prudent; he reflected justly within himself, that some Actions he had been guilty of had made him unpopular; from that Hour he began to alter his Measures; he regain'd by Degrees the People's Esteem grew Popular again; and then neither feared their Wit, nor felt their Satire——My Lords, the Stage, preserved and kept up to its true Purpose, should, no doubt, only represent those Incidents in the Actions and Characters of Men as may tend to the Discouragement of Vice, and the promoting of Virtue and good Life; nor does it vary from its Institution, when it helps us to judge of the Vices and Follies of the Times; and tho' the Romans, at the Time I have mentioned, were declining in their Liberty, yet it is plain they had not then lost the Use of it: But when the Stage is under Power and Controul, such Instances are not to be met with. In the Life of that wonderful and excellent Genius Moliere, the Author tells us, that when his Tartuffe was acted, the Archbishop of Paris thought the Plan reflected upon him, and fancied that Moliere had taken his Measure for one of the principal Characters. Upon this, the Archbishop goes to the King, and makes heavy Complaints against Moliere; and tho' the Play was justly admired as an excellent Piece, yet to please the Archbishop, the King silenced the Actors, and forbid the Play. Moliere, some Time after, in the Presence of the Prince de Condé, took Notice to him how hard his Fate was to be under the King's Displeasure for a Play that was founded upon the strictest Rules of Morality, Virtue, and Religion, when at the same time Harlequin and his Italian Troop were suffered to act the most indecent Pieces imaginable, notoriously incouraging Vice and Immorality, and offensive to all Religion in the World. The Prince answer'd him very aptly, I am not all surprized at it, says he, for Harlequin only ridicules Religion in general, whereas you have ventured to ridicule the Prime Minister of it. I must say freely, I am for no Power that may exert itself in an Arbitrary Manner; the Q——t is always for favouring its own Schemes, and is fond of making every Thing in its Power subservient to them; our Stage has been formerly made very useful in this Particular; in King

Charles the Second's Time, there was a Licenser at Court, what was the Practice then? Why, we were out of Humour with Holland, Dryden the Laureat wrote his Play of the Cruelty of the Dutch at Amboyna. When the Affair of the Exclusion Bill was depending, he wrote his Duke of Guise.—When the Court took Offence at the City, (where there was some Property to preserve, as well as to defend) the Plays represented the Citizens as a Parcel of Gripping Usurers and designing Knaves, and to make their Characters compleat, Cuckolds. The Cavaliers at that Time, who were to be flattered, tho' the worst of Characters, were always very worthy honest Gentlemen; and the Dissenters, who were to be abused, were always Scoundrels and quaint mischievous Fellows.—Teague, a notorious Rogue, that lived by Rapine and Plunder, was the fine Gentleman; and he that could not follow Teague in his Politicks, was a sad Fellow, and capable of no Trust whatsoever.—In this Manner was the Stage managed under a Licenser.—And though I have the greatest Esteem for that Noble Lord in whose Hands this Power at present is designed to fall, and whose Impartiality and Judgment I have the greatest Confidence in, yet sometimes a Leaning towards the Fashions of a Court is hard to be avoided; and as to Virtue and good Morals, that is not always the Place where they are to be found. My Lords, if it were necessary a Bill of this Kind should pass, I am of Opinion, the Method proposed in this, to restrain the Licentiousness complained of, will not Answer the Purpose: for if it does not extend to the Restraint of Printing, (which I hope it never will) it cannot produce that desired Effect. When my L—d C——— has marked a Play with Refusal, may it not be printed? Will it not be printed with double the Advantage, when it shall be insinuated, that it was refused, for having some Character, or Strokes of Wit or Satire in it, that were not suffered to come on the Stage? And will not the Printer set the Refusal in his Title-page, as a Mark of Value? Is it not natural to be fond of any thing that is forbid? and will it not be more likely to have its Effect among the People, by this means, when the printed Play may cost but a Shilling, and the seeing it acted will cost 3 or 4?—Does not the Satire remain in Print to be read and considered, when the Offence in acting is over and forgot?—I don't doubt but there are People who will sit down to write a Play on purpose to have it refused, and that will be the only Merit belonging to it; for I must observe to your Lordships, that altho' it is very difficult to write one that is fit to be accepted, yet it is easy enough to write one that is fit to be refused. The Players, I believe, are pretty sensible there are fewer guilty of the former than the latter.—Wit is the Property of those who have it, and very often the only Property they have.—Thank God, We, my Lords, are better provided, than to depend upon so precarious a Support. I must own,

own, I am not for laying any *particular* Restraint upon *Wits*; but by this Bill Wit is to be delivered out to be *EXCISED*, my Lords, and the L—d C——— is to have the Honour of being the *Gager*, the *Exciseman*, the *Judge* and *Jury*; and the poor Author, who has not so much as a *worthy Commissioner* to appeal to, must patiently undergo the *Rummaging* of his Goods for fourteen Days together, before he can have them *returned*, and return'd how? Why, perhaps, with a *Prohibition* against his *Use* of them—No Play was ever wrote, but *some* of the Characters, Speeches, and Expressions, might be *interpreted* to point out *some* Person or another; it is *impossible* to write any thing for the *Stage*, that is not liable to the most *unthought of* Constructions; it is not to be *avoided*: And tho' it may have the *lawful Passport* to it, yet when it comes to be acted, the People will make their *Applications*. And here I cannot help observing, what an *unthankful* Office it must *prove* to that Noble Lord who is to make the *Piece current*, when Reflections shall be fix'd upon particular Persons, and be authoriz'd at the same Time under *his own Hand*. Such Accidents will be no little Uneasiness to that Noble Person, whose great *Conduct* in Life is well known *always* to *avoid* giving the *least Offence* to any One.—My Lords, from Laws of *this Nature* I suspect *very ill* Consequences, nor can I frame to myself any one good Argument or Reason for this Bill—It is an *Arrow* that does but *glance* upon the Stage; it *gives its Wound* at a Distance.—No Country ever lost its *Liberty* at once, 'tis by *Degrees* that Work is to be done; by *such Degrees* as creep insensibly upon you, till 'tis *too late* to stop the Mischief. Like the *shadowing* of a Colour, we may trace it from its *first Light* into its *deepest Dye*, but are not able to *distinguish* the several *Gradations* of it.—It is necessary that the *Briars* and *Thorns* should be removed, before *Power* can clear itself for Action; but then we see it taking *long Strides* over a *Land*.——The *Romans* lost their *Liberty*, by *restraining Licentiousness*; I hope *We* shall never do it at *so dear* a Rate, and yet I fear we are *clearing the Way* for *those* who may thank us *hereafter* for doing so much of the Work ready to their Hands.—Our *Laws*, I am convinced, are already *sufficient* to punish *Licentiousness* in any Shape; and I can see no Reason for a new one, that may be *dangerous*, and, impartially, *must* be allowed to be *unnecessary*.

C—Y C——'s LETTER to the
CRAFTSMAN.

TO CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq;

Dear Caleb,

QUOD fieri non debet, factum valet, is a saying of some old Craftsman, and as it is a very wise Maxim, I shall venture to write to Thee upon it. I was in Hopes that tho' You were against the *Bill for licensing the Stage*, You would be for making it effectual, now it is pass'd into a *Law*. I take Thee to be no *Jacobite*, though a damn'd morose Prig of a *Patriot*; but thy Papers being read, where our *Gazetteers* are never heard of, give me Leave to make them the Vehicle of some Observations I have set down for the *Licensor's* Use. A Person of his Rank, though He delighted never so much in reading, cannot be presumed to have Leisure enough for so tedious an Employment; and I would willingly shew Him how proper I am for the Business, having, by my former Vocation, several Plays by Heart, and tho' I say it, that should not say it, the best Judge in *England* of all *Dramatical Performances*.

I write to You, upon this Occasion, with the more Freedom, because You were formerly pleased to recommend Me as a proper Supervisor of all Plays. old and new, and to make an *Index expurgatorius* of such Passages as are not now fit to be brought upon the Stage. I have taken the Hint, and set my Mark upon a Multitude of Passages in Plays now in Being, which will be proper to be left out in all future Representations of them. For Method's Sake I have put them under several Heads, as they regard *Politicks*, *Divinity*, or *Bawdry*. The first of these shall be chiefly my Province; and if I might presume to recommend a fit Person to take Care of the other two Heads, I would name Mr. Orator H——y, not only as He is undoubtedly orthodox, and of a sound Character in every other Respect, but likewise because He may at present be an Object of *Charity*, since the *Oratory* itself may come under the Description of the *Art*, which takes in all *Interludes*, where Money is given at the Door.

The Passages I have already collected upon this Head of *Politicks*, which I have undertaken, are so very numerous, that I can only give You a little Specimen of them at present, with Relation to *Kings*, *Queens*, *Princes*, and *Ministers of State*.

I shall begin with the *Life and Death of King JOHN*, which I had alter'd from *Shakespeare*; though the Town was so unreasonably prejudiced against Me, that They almost unanimously combined
against

against its Representation; and I am sorry to say, *Caleb*, that Thou wast in the Number: But I doubt not to convince Thee, by a few Passages from it, that it ought not to be acted at present, without an *Alteration*, though *Mr. R——b* hath had the Presumption to do it, after mine was rejected.

In the first Place, it is to be observed, that King *John* is represented through the whole Play as an *Usurper*, who seized and kept the *Crown*, in Prejudice to his elder Brother *Geoffrey's* Son, *Arthur*, who was then abroad, and supported by the Court of *France*. This young Prince's Mother, *Constance*, is drawn as a Woman of great Spirit, and *Shakespeare* hath put several Speeches in her Mouth, which are capable of very bad Applications; particularly the following.

————— *When Law can do no Right,
Let it be lawful that Law barr no Wrong.
Law cannot give my Child his Kingdom here ;
For He, that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law ;
Therefore since Law itself is perfect Wrong,
How can the Law forbid my Tongue to curse ?*

This is a downright Assertion that *England* was then under a *Parliamentary Tyranny*, or *legal Slavery*; and as you Malecontents are charged with hinting at something of the same Nature at present, I left out the whole Passage, in my *Alteration* of *this Play*.

King *John* having intirely lost the Affections of his People, Cardinal *Pandulph*, the *Pope's* Legate, encourages the *Dolphin* of *France* to invade *England*, in the following Terms, which I had likewise omitted.

————— *If but a Dozen French
Were there in Arms, They would be as a Call
To train ten Thousand English to their Side ;
Or as a little Snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountain* ———— *O noble Dolphin,
Go with me to the † King; 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their Discontent,
Now that their Souls are top-full of Offence.*

When the King heard of the *Dolphin's* being landed with a Body of Forces, He speaks thus to *Hubert*, whom He had order'd to murder Prince *Arthur*.

† The King of France.

*It is the Curse of Kings, to be attended
By Slaves, that take their Humours for a Warrant;
And on the winking of Authority,
To understand a Law; to know the Meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon Humour than advis'd Respect.*

How this may be apply'd I leave You and the Reader to judge, as well as the following Passage in the same Play, where the *King* conjures the *Cardinal Legate* to make Use of his Authority against the *French*, who were then Advancing against Him.

*Our discontented Courtiers do revolt;
Our People quarrel with Obedience,
Swearing Allegiance and the Love of Soul
To Stranger-Blood, to foreign Loyalty.
This Inundation of mistemper'd Humour
Rests by You only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present Time's so sick,
That present Medicines must be minister'd,
Or Overthrow incurable ensues.*

This Play concludes with the Death of the *King*; who, being obliged to leave the Field, retired to *Swineshead Abbey*; where He was supposed to be poison'd by a Monk; upon which the discontented Lords deserted the *French*, and join'd with Prince *Henry*, their new Sovereign, in the Defence of their Country, which his *Father* had brought to the Brink of Destruction.

—Dost not Thou think, *Caleb*, that this Moral requires a different Turn; or that very invidious Constructions may not be put upon it, as it stands at present? I took Care to prevent all these in my Alteration; but as the World was not pleased to see it. *Modesty* obliges me to be silent upon that Head.

The next Play, that falls under my Consideration, is *the Life and Death of King Richard the second*, written by the same Author; which hath not been acted within my Memory, and I think never ought, without considerable Castrations and Amendments; for it not only represents an obstinate, misguided Prince, deposed by his People, which is agreeable enough to the Principles of the Revolution; but likewise contains several Passages, which the disaffected may turn to their Account.—I will mention only two or three.

The *King*, speaking of the Duke of *Hereford*, (his Successor, by the Name of *Henry the 4th*) makes the following Reflection upon his Popularity.

—Bagot and Greene
Observ'd his Courtship to the common People;

*How He did seem to dive into their Hearts,
With humble and familiar Courtesie ;
What Reverence He did throw away on Slaves ,
Wooing poor Craftsmen with the Craft of Souls,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune.*

It is to be observed that the *King* had used the *Duke of Hereford* very ill; and though He was neither his *Son*, nor his *lawful Heir*, malicious People may apply it to *Princes*, between whom there is a much nearer Relation. I need say no more; but shall leave it to your Judgment, whether this Passage ought not to be expunged, as well as the whole first Scene of the second Act; particularly where *John of Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaster*, foretels the Fate of the *King* his Nephew, just before his Death. As You formerly quoted this prophetic Speech in one of your Papers, I shall repeat only the Conclusion of it.

*This Land of such dear Souls, this dear-dear Land,
Dear for her Reputation through the World,
Is now leas'd out, (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is bound in with Shame,
With INKY BOLTS and ROTTEN PARCHMENT
BONDS.*

*That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of itself.*

This is such a general Reflection upon my dear Country, and the whole Mystery of *Treaty-making*, that I think it ought not to be suffer'd to appear even in *Print*, much less to be pronounced upon the *Stage*.

In another Part of the same Scene, *old Gaunt* addresses the *King*, in this licentious Manner, which will likewise admit of very bad Constructions.

*Thy Death-bed is no lesser than the Land,
Wherein Thou lyest in Reputation sick,
And Thou too careless, patient as Thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed Body to the Cure
Of those Physicians, that first wounded Thee ;
A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crown,
Whose Compass is no bigger than thy Hand,
And yet incaged in so small a Verge,
The Waste is no whit lesser than thy Land.*

At the latter End of this Scene, the following Dialogue passes between *Northumberland*, *Willoughby* and *Ross*, which is more intolerable than all the rest.

Nor. The King is not Himself, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what They will inform
Meerly in Hate 'gainst any of us all
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our Lives, our Children and our Heirs.

Ross. The Commons hath He pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And quite lost their Hearts. The Nobles hath He fin'd
For ancient Quarrels, and quite lost their Hearts.

Will. And daily new Exactions are devis'd ;
But what o' God's Name doth become of this ?

Nor. Wars have not wasted it ; for warr'd He hath not,
But basely yielded upon Compromise
That, which his Ancestors atchiev'd with Blows.
More hath He spent in Peace than they in Wars.

This wants no Comment ; and therefore I shall proceed to the second Part of *Henry the 4th*, which was likewise written by *Shakespeare*. Every Body knows that this Prince mounted the Throne, upon the Deposition of *Richard the 2d*, by the Assistance, and with the general Approbation of the People ; but He soon lost the Hearts of his best Friends, the Earl of *Northumberland*, *Worcester*, and *Harry Piercy*, who were principally instrumental in advancing Him to the Throne, by neglecting their Services, and using them very ill. This made Them desperate, and provoked Them to take up Arms against him. As They were very Popular Lords, many others join'd with Them ; and amongst the rest, the *Arch-Bishop of York*, who encourages Them with Hopes of Success by the following Observation.

*The Commonwealth is sick of their own Choice,
Their over-greedy Love hath surfeited.*

The *Jacobites* may take Occasion from hence to suggest, I dare not say what, and point it out to the Notice of the Audience by Clapping ; which one of my honourable Friends hath lately proved to be a very seditious and almost treasonable Practice.— Let this Passage therefore be expunged, as well as several others in both Parts of the same Play, which I have mark'd down in my *Index expurgatorius*.

You have already observed that *Ben Johnson's SEJANUS* and *Sir John Denham's SOPHY* have not been acted these many Years. The *Fall of MORTIMER* was lately prohibited, after it had run several Nights ; and there are many other Plays,

Plays, which require the same *una litura*, or at least very large Expurgations; such as the tragical Part of the *Spanish Fryar*, *Don Sebastian*, and even *Cato* itself, which abound with insufferable Reflections upon *Kings*, *Queens*, *Favourites*, and wicked *Men in Power*.

I do not remember that *All for Love*, or *the World well lost*, hath been acted at either House for a Year or two past; and I hope the present worthy Managers of our Theatres will have the Prudence not to bring it on again, for some Time, or to suppress the following Passages. The first is where *Ventidius* speaks thus to *Alexas*, concerning *Anthony's* unseasonable and ridiculous Fondness for a foreign Mistress.

*I tell Thee, Eunuch, She hath quite unmann'd Him,
Can any Roman see, and know Him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast Extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a Corner of the World?*

Who knows how This may be apply'd: or whether our factious Patriots may not lay the Scene in some other Corner of the World, besides *Ægypt*?—This Subject is farther pursued in several Parts of the same Play; particularly in the third Act, by *Ventidius*, and *Dolabella*; the latter of whom *Anthony* reproaches with his former Passion for *Cleopatra*; upon which *Dolabella* replies thus.

*Dola. And should my Weakness be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age, when Love might be excused,
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——*

Vent.—— speak boldly.

*Yours, He would say, in your declining Age,
When no more Heat was left but what you forced;
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk.
When it went down, then You constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature to supply Desire.
In You (I would not use so harsh a Word)
'Tis but plain Dotage.*

I will not pretend to say that *Mr. Dryden* prophetically intended any Reflection upon the present Times, in this Dialogue; but that it may be constructed in such a Sense by Those, who are so much addicted to *Parallels* and *Applications*, I believe nobody will deny; and therefore it ought to be suppress'd.

There are several Passages, to the same Purpose, in *Lee's Alexander*, or the *Rival Queens*; but I shall instance only the following. The *Queen Consort* speaks it.

Stat. *Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd Love;
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms,
Doats on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King.*

As to *Ministers of State*, especially *Prime Ministers*, all our modern Plays are so full of Satire upon Them, that it would require Volumes to make Extracts from them at large. I shall therefore mention only one; I mean the Tragedy of *Sir Walter Raleigh*; which besides the general Reflection upon our Country, for being tamely bully'd and insulted by *Spain*, is stuff'd with the grossest and most virulent Aspersions upon great Men, who have the Happiness to get at the Height of Power and Favour with their Prince.——*Carew*, a Friend of *Sir Walter Raleigh*, inveighs against the Corruption of those Times, in the following Manner.

Car. *That Gold, believe me, Sir, is well employ'd,
It works like Poison through our weaken'd State,
Infects our generous pure Forefathers Blood,
And fits our free-born Souls for foreign Yokes.
How many noble Structures could I name,
What sumptuous Villa's labour'd up to Heav'n,
Enrich'd with figured Silks, and stiff with Gold,
But not one Tale in all the Pile to say,
“ These are the Monuments of perjur'd Faith,
“ The high-rais'd Spoils of mercenary Greatness?*

Lord Cobham speaks to the same Effect, and though He is represented mad, there seems to be very good Sense in what He says, however liable to bad Interpretations. I will only give You a short Specimen of it.

Cob. *O! what a Mine of Mischief is a Statesman!
Ye furious Whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous Rocks,
Ye Ministers of Death, devouring Fire,
Convulsive Earthquake, and Plague-tainted Air,
All you are merciful, and mild to Him,
The passive Instruments of righteous Heaven.
But He, for Goodness form'd, and plac'd to bless,
Wilful opposes Providence in Spight,
And is a DEVIL of his own Formation.*

The dying Advice, which Sir *Walter Raleigh* gives to his Son, favours likewise of the same malevolent Spirit, as you will perceive by the following Lines.

Ral. *Contract no Friendship with an o'ergrown Greatness,
Falling, it crushes Thee; and standing long,
Grows insolently weary of Support,
And spurns the Prop that held it up before.*

It is needless to quote any more after This ; and besides my Letter is already grown too long. The only Design of it is to shew that the *late Act, for restraining the Stage*, will not answer the Purpose intended by it, unless there be some Regulation of *old Plays*, as well as *new ones* ; and that Nobody, without Vanity, is fitter for this Office than *Myself*. It will be a pretty Augmentation to *That*, which I now enjoy ; and, indeed I have already distinguish'd myself in so remarkable a Manner, by gutting *other People's Works*, that I am in no great Doubt of succeeding. I can only add, that if *his Grace* should be pleased to bestow *this Employment* upon Me, I will execute it, with great Industry, to the Confusion of all *Papists, Jacobites, Incendiaries* and *Patriots*.

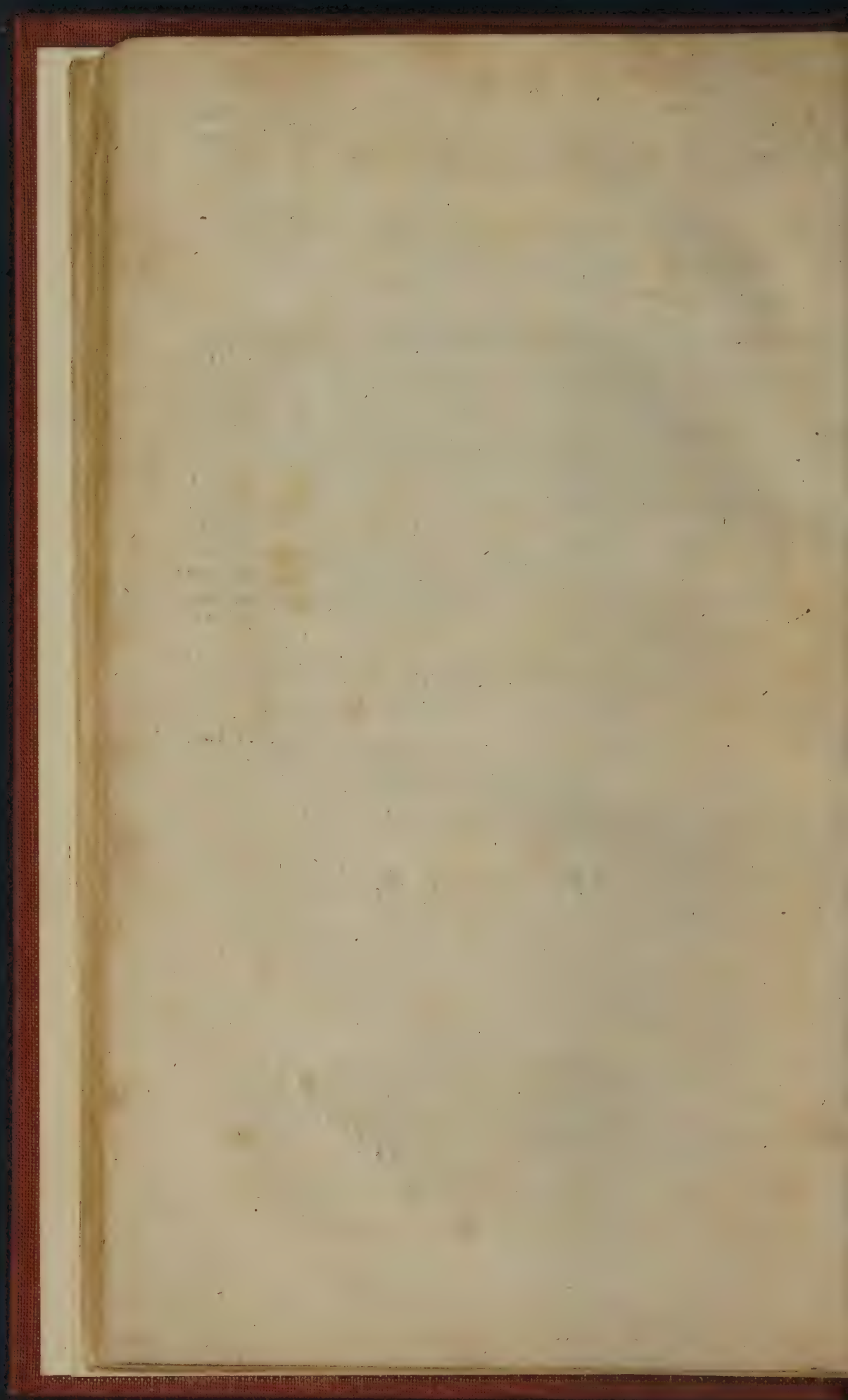
I am thine,

as far as becomes me,

C. C. P. L.

F I N I S.





THE YEAR of WONDERS.

Being a Literal and Poetical Translation of an old LATIN
PROPHECY, found near MERLIN's CAVE,

By S———N D———K.

Dicunt Pastores———

———Me quoque Vatem

Virg. Eclog.

Hæc sunt quæ liceat nostrâ te voce moneri. Æneid.

The PREFACE.

HAVING not been long deem'd *Conjurer*, or *Prophet*,
my self, I thought it proper to give the *Publick* some
Account, how I was drawn into this kind of Inspiration.

In my daily Attendance upon that *Necromantick Cave*, (which
is the sacred Repository of all Arts and Sciences, obscure or
illuminated) I chanc'd to stumble upon a small earthen *Urn*,
thrown up by some Workmen: Curiosity so natural to us *Poets*
prompted me to explore its hidden Secrets, which when open'd
and perus'd, remain'd still Secrets to me, being couch'd in the
profoundest Terms of a Language, in which I am yet arriv'd but
at the *Primer*.

Consulting a neighbouring School-master about the Original,
he assur'd me it was indeed *Latin*, but so mix'd with Monkish
Rhimes, and the Rubbish of an unintelligible Jargon, that it was
as distant from the Purity of the *Augustan Age*, as *Richmond* is
from *Rome*, or *Virgil's Works* from the Diction of a late *Ex-
chequer-Writ*. Upon this, calling in to our Assistance an old
Popish Priest, and two eminent *Attorneys*, we made shift to
compass a sort of Prose Translation, which with much Brain-
labour I *Thresh'd* into the following Poetical Form.

Believing the Contents of this Prophecy to be of the greatest
Consequence to this Nation, I resolv'd not to delay Publishing
it as entire as the Hurry of Business wou'd permit. The injuries
of Time and Weather having defac'd a great Part of the Original,
and occasion'd several abrupt Breaks, and considerable Blanks, I
am now hard at Work amongst the *Straw*, to see if I can glean
out the *smallest Grain* that is wanting, to render it more perfect;
which, at a proper Time, shall not be bid under a *Bushel*.

I have been advis'd to add some explanatory Notes of my own; but considering that the World is mighty fond of Guess-work, and that every Body is pleas'd to owe the finding out a Secret to their own Ingenuity: I submit my private Sentiments to those of the Publick, hoping it will bring them as much Pleasure, as Honour and Profit to their most Affectionate Countryman,

S——n D——k.

The YEAR of WONDERS, &c.

WHEN a True Son of Church, and Tom-a-Becket,
With Law and Gospel makes a mighty Racket;
When Powder-Plots the Laws themselves lay waste,
And Judges tremble at the dreadful Blast:
When Porter, Cobler, Soldier, Bawd and Punk,
Run mad, or starve, because they can't get drunk:
When from the North loud Discontents do blow,
And Justice hangs Men up we know not how:
When wash'd in Briny-Waves, a King is seen,
Whilst adverse Winds divorce him from his Queen:
When He, (who fourscore Years was still a-Wake)
At last till Doomsday does a Slumber take:
When the Word Codex is by Heav'n so fated,
That nothing of that Name can be Translated:
When London fain would visit Canterbury,
But Oxford stops her just by Lambeth-Ferry:
When a Potter fills a Patriarchal-Chair,
And some would raise a * Rabbit without Hair:
When a vast Deluge, from a Serpent's Head,
The Bridge of Knight lays in a Wat'ry Bed:
When Death at once drags at her conqu'ring Car,
The mighty Chiefs of Gospel, Law, and War:
When Sol by Luna screen'd, creates strange Fears,
And a New Star with blazing Tail appears;
When a Saint's House divided cannot stand,
But F——r against S——n distracts the Land:
When In and Out still quarrel about Place,
And Three Lord May'rs at once fair London grace;
When a good Deveil trounces Rogues and Whores,
And turns the Rainbow Regiment out of Doors:

Then may the White-cliff'd Isle expect its Doom,
And dread the Projects of the Sons of Rome:
The Cock, the Eagle, and the Dolphin's Son,
Will join to drive the W--te H--se from his Th--ne.

* Dr. Conybeare.

::: Desunt

: : : *Desunt multa in Manuscripto* . . .

Till a *White Plume* flung o'er the young *Colt's Head*
Strikes *Eagle, Cock,* and *Son of Dolphin* dead.

. . . *Desunt multa* . . .

Add *Sev'n* to *One*, and *Sev'n* again to *Three*,
Then mark the *Time* fulfils this *Prophecy*.

The M A N of H O N O U R,

*Iustum & Tenacem Propositi Virum
Non vultus instantis Tyranni
Mente quatit solida,*

— *si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinæ.* HOR.

Facitque servatque beatos.

IF Fell Corruption in each Scene appears,
Cherish'd by Youth, caress'd by Men in Years,
From the low Cottage to the House of P——
At C—— extinct all Sense of Honesty,
Priests as unhallowed as the Laity :
If *British* Honour, by the Knave and Fool
Exploded, sinks a Term of Ridicule:
Pardon this daring Essay of the Muse,
She must speak out, Poetick Licence use,
A Libertine by Truth alone restrain'd,
Paint the High Mighty Wicked of our Land;
Draw Fraud's just Pourtrait at full Length to Man,
In the best Colours, clearest Light she can.
Avaunt, enervating, base Flattery,
All Compliment, the Varnish of a Lye!
When Truth is told, whose is the grated Ear?
In *Britain's* Cause who launches out with Fear?
Th' advent'rous Muse no Prejudice would know,
Nor wound the Guiltless, nor offend the Law.
Long be the Law our Bulwark and Defence,
Dispens'd by Men of Honour, Men of Sense;
The Seat of Justice long be sacred held,
A Scurge to Vice, to Virtue a strong Shield:

A 2

Should

Should Vice impeach, Virtue has nought to fear,
Where Justice runs in purest Channels clear.

Tho' Merit does some few to P——— advance,
Merit ! how rarely an Inheritance ?
Their Sons how often such a spurious Race,
The Medley of a various lewd Embrace.
Shall Foes to Honour Honour's Titles bear,
Quite chang'd from what the first Ennobled were ?
Shall the Brib'd B———, and the Pension'd D———,
Debase their Species, and without Rebuke ?
Tools to a Premier, Spaniels to a Throne,
Serve ev'ry Country's Purpose but their own ?
Shall B——s, Slaves to *Mammon*, Temporize ?
The Golden Calf set up, and Idolize ?
On all Occasions, at a Subject's Nod,
Betray their Country, and deny their God ?
Canvass, debate, and vote it by COMMAND,
OF REV'REND PENSIONERS A PIOUS BAND !
Are Frauds discuss'd ? They put their Negative,
From Fraud they have their Being, move and live ;
True Children of this World, wise Ways they take,
Above all Morals, for Religion's sake.
Are these known Truths from any *Briton* hid,
And shall the Muse be silent ?———Heav'n forbid !

In Law this Maxim has prevail'd full long,
That Kings are sacred, and can do no Wrong ;
Sacred as Heav'n's immediate Substitute,
Hence 'tis inferr'd they should be Absolute.
From Majesty then all good Measures flow,
Pure uncorrupted Spring !———it must be so.
This seems, you'll say, to Bigotry inclin'd,
Infallibility to Man assign'd !
Whenever Royal Power is abus'd
(Kings unimpeach'd) their Council are accus'd.
In publick, Kings this Sanction must retain,
In private, howe'er fallible as Men.
Thrice happy *Britons* ! every Bard may sing,
Ours is a * *Gracious and Religious King* !
Unrival'd He in ev'ry Bosom reigns,
His Martial Fire for *Britain's* Peace restrains : †
This the Effect of Prudence, not of Fear,
How unlike him his M———s appear ?

* See the Liturgy of the Church of *England*.

† See the Address of Lords and Commons.

They truckle to, and fawn on ev'ry State,
 Court the Dependent, bribe the Obstinate,
 Misplace Resentment, foolishly forgive,
 Adventures, monstrous in Romance, atchieve!
 Faithless Allies, they make invet'rate Foes,
 In Negotiation ev'ry Point they lose;
 Seek poor Expedients to divert a Storm,
 And promise what they can't nor should perform:
 Slight real Ills, imaginary, fear,
 Dreading the distant, blind to Dangers near;
 Ideal Phantoms form, themselves to scare.
 Thus Boys and Women bug-bear'd, all in Fright,
 Mistake each Shrub a *Dæmon* in the Night.
 And half-bred Politicians, to a Man,
 In Treaties maz'd, half Masters of a Plan,
 Approving those they never understood,
 Half wise, half mad, half any thing but good.

One Genius for one Province may be fit,
 And full enough for any modern Wit:
 In the Finances he that shews his Art,
 May act as *Premier* a most wicked Part;
 Shrewd in Debates, vers'd in Affairs at Home,
 Yet knows not *French Finesse*, Cabals at *Rome*.
 'To guess when 'tis proclaim'd, it may be Peace,
 And whilst it lasts, Hostilities may cease:
 Must we be deem'd all *Machiavels* for this?
 Granting us wise in other Instances?
 Can our Memorials have their proper Weight,
 Long as *N*——— guides the Pen of State,
 And Fopling *E*——— does Negotiate?
 We shew, 'tis fear'd, our Nakedness too much,
 In sending *H*———ce to o'er-reach the *Dutch*.
 Whence sprung our early Confidence in *Keen*?
 His Father is—— an *ALDERMAN* of *Lynn*.
 What can we hope from Ministers like these?
 Such God or *Baal* never meant to raise;
 Yet *W*——— and *S*———, to Excess,
 These Peace-Jobbers support by their Address.
 Their Reasons it must shock all Sense to know,
 Confusion! Men of Spirit stoop so low?

Thus, or from some Mistake, or from Design,
 Britain, to be betray'd, the Lot is thine.
 What Genius's have in thy Land been born,
 The Heroe's Contrast, and the Patriots Scorn?
 This flagrant most unhappy Truth we took
 From *Wharton*, *Harcourt*, and a *Bollingbroke*.

Either

Either had Heads to save this sinking State,
 And make their forlorn Country fortunate.
 The former Two are to their Fathers gone,
 And matchless *Bollingbroke* survives alone.
 Oh! *Bollingbroke*! how excellent thy Parts?
 How well refin'd by the politer Arts?
 To you the Int'rests of all States are known,
 Their Arts, their Genius, Taste, are all your own;
 The subtle Chain that binds each Nation fast,
 And how secure Alliances may last:
 The Statesman's Windings, and the secret Springs
 Of Councils in the Cabinets of Kings,
 You've throughly gain'd: What *Machiavel* has wrote
 You have digested, and what *Richlieu* thought.
 See him relax'd in Wine, his Thoughts unbend,
 And with his Wit regale the curious Friend;
 With Wit such as in *Pope* and *Swift* you find
 Familiariz'd proud *Berkeley's* lofty Mind.
 His *Dissertation upon Parties* shews
 Beyond a Doubt, how much this *St. John* knows.
 But Heav'n to Man a perfect Soul denies,
 And tinges with some Errors the most Wise.
 What Blessings happy *Britons* must have known,
 Had he been firm, had he true Honour shewn?
 We had not been the Dupes of *France* and *Spain*,
 Cajol'd in Treaties, bullied on the Main;
Britons would then have kept them all in Awe,
 Baffled their Schemes, and given *Europe* Law:
 Intestine Factions would have all confess'd,
 That *Britons* in a *Bollingbroke* were bless'd.
 Must such a Genius to *Great Britain's* Cost,
 Lye useless, unemploy'd, entirely lost?
 It must (since Fate has so ordain'd) it must,
 For one so loose in Honour who can trust?
 Whoe'er wants Courage to be just and brave,
 Tho' otherwise an Angel, is a Slave.

How gloriously the Minister appears!
 Faction be dumb! Read, read the *Gazetteers*!
 What an immoderate Contempt for Vice!
 For ev'ry Virtue what strange Avarice!
 Ancient and Modern Histories they rake,
 From Art and Nature best Materials take,
 Cull each Perfection of each Character,
 This Consummate must be the M———r.
 Thus in Idea form him well they can,
 A lovely Picture! Who e'er saw the Man;

This

This most excellent Vizier, I advise
 To be just what these Scribblers say he is,
 The surest Way to silence Enemies.
 Statesman, with Leave, I would lay down this Rule,
 He that commences Knave, commences Fool.
 Whoever deals in low Hypocrisies,
 Whate'er his Knowledge is, he can't be wise.
 I'd have a *Premier*, satisfy'd, if clear
 He saves a good Ten Thousand Pounds a Year;
 Nor Envy, nor Detraction, nor Cabal
 Could reach him, or in *Norfolk*, or *Whitehall*.
 If former Fav'rites had no more engross'd,
 We should have fewer Rivals for the Post.
 But what will satisfy a Statesman's Pride?
 Pow'r Profits, Honour—— All we have beside.
 Profits and Posts be theirs, who have just Claim,
 Who have at Heart their Country, theirs be Fame.
 The Statesman's Duty soon is understood,
 It all consists in this—— Be wise and Good.

View C——— deep in compromising Schemes,
 Ambition, Av'rice, have ten Thousand Whims,
 No Crimes like these in Hell's black Catalogue,
 Contribute half so much to make a Rogue;
 Mere Appetites Canine, the more they're fed,
 The more they ask, the less they're nourished.
 And what would all this wild Ambition crave?
 To be, oh Prostitution! Premier Slave.
 Ambition when by Virtue we restrain,
 The noblest Root Heav'n can implant in Man:
 If not, the Whole it overspreads and spoils
 The rankest Weed that thrives in richest Soils:
 Then Avarice the utmost Meanness shews,
 Ev'n Knaves and Fools spit at the Covetous.
 With C——— W——— plays fast and loose,
 By Fits their Country, or the Court espouse;
 Bath whilom for Prerogative how keen!
 Now chang'd, for Privilege are Champions seen!
 As Hopes of dear Preferment ebb or flow,
 They're calm, they storm, their Fever's high or low.
 Whence can this Whim Unsteadiness proceed?
 Honour unchangeable by Heav'n decreed,
 Is still the same, how'er Affairs of State
 May shift, or this or that way fluctuate.

Our State Empricks we should all abjure,
 Who give deep Wounds, but can't the slightest cure:
 Perfect Buffoons, in shallow Cunning snug,
 Wise in unmeaning Nod, unconscious Shrug:

To Credit lost, their Truth is all a Lye,
 Detected, blush not, scorn Apology:
 Poor, awkward Mimicks of the *French* Caprice,
 Quite Bunglers in politick Artifice.
 From foreign Realms we copy all that's bad,
 And part with those few Virtues that we had.
 All Frauds the North, South, East and West produce,
 In our kind Climate ripen into Use.
I ——— appears a Man of tip-top Worth,
I ——— th' Election-Jobber of the North:
A ——— on Rev'rend Sine-cures severe,
 Has in Lay-Posts Twelve Thousand Pounds a Year.
 Such are our fav'rite Confidents of Kings!
 From what hid Causes Royal Bounty springs?
 Such to Kings Favours must have vast Pretence,
 Their Merit Treason by Inheritance.
 These are profess'd Corruption's *Halcyon* Days,
 When thus supported in all Shapes and Ways.
 We shall in Speculation quickly see
 The charming Beauties of fair Liberty.
 Fair Liberty enriches ev'ry Soil,
 Makes Barrenness rejoice, and *High-lands* smile!
 Fair Liberty shews all Mankind serene,
 The Landlord happy, and the Peasant clean;
 The Merchant chearful, and the Soldier brave,
 And Man a free-born Subject, not a Slave.

Ye Baskers in the Bosoms of our Kings,
 Whose Faith, whose Honour, are most slipp'ry things,
 Correct yourselves, from Precedent by wise,
 View *York* and *Talbot* with astonish'd Eyes,
 Both in high Post, both in high Character,
 Each shines refulgent in his proper Sphere;
 Unenvy'd in the Exercise of Pow'r,
 We all agree, who ne'er agreed before.
 A finish'd Conduct theirs, the strongest Sense,
 Genteel Address, and poignant Eloquence;
 Justice, the Soul of Law and Equity,
 Flows bright in ev'ry Sentence and Decree:
 Their Judgments clear and calm the ruffled Mind,
 They see with REASON, are with JUSTICE blind.
 To them the least Indignity's too much,
 Hard Words are Darts, Frowns too severe Reproach.
 Who serve with Honour, should be us'd with Grace,
 Kings to such Subjects wear a chearful Face.
 If otherwise, we see a Court with Grief,
 And Men of Honour seek a private Life.

There in such Case Content can only dwell,
A brilliant Court's more loathsome than a Cell.

Britons, reflect in time, retrieve your State,
Fraud and her Pensioners we must defeat:
Let gen'rous Passion ev'ry Bosom fill,
We've Men of Honour warm for *Britain* still,
See Fraud aghast when *Chesterfield* debates,
Each Word into her Vitals penetrates;
With proper Satire he the Fiend pursues,
Unravels all her Schemes, howe'er recluse.
In *Stairs* and *Cobham* all Mankind allow
The *British* Hero, and firm Patriot glow:
To *Stairs*' Address, high Spirit, and just Sense,
His active Care, his good Intelligence:
To these conspicuous Qualities in him
Some Monarchs owe this Day their Diadem.
Great is his Merit, what is his Reward?
He is, O lovely Gratitude! cashier'd.
Boyle, a young Lord, discover'd early Worth,
With noblest Pace a perfect Man stept forth:
Orrery's Principles in him we see,
His Soul, his Genius, *Boyle*, survive in thee.
Have *Gow'r* or *Litchfield* ever once withdrawn,
Or shunn'd Debate, to compliment the Crown?
When Infant Force the knotted Oak shall bend,
Lew'son shall not be known his Country's Friend;
Then *Craven* shall, and *Butler* then divide
For any Question on Corruption's Side.

The Man of Honour, resolutely just,
Nor acts nor moves, but conscious of his Trust,
So full of Truth, has such Contempt for Guile,
Each Frown intends a Frown, each Smile a Smile.
His Judgment with a due Reflection fraught,
Has his Ideas to Perfection brought:
Correct in Censure, cautious in his Praise,
Maturely thinks, and what he thinks he says;
Warm without Madness! zealous in the Right,
Free, not licentious, keeps each Sense full bright:
Serene in Calms, by Storms unshaken still,
Fond of good Offices, averse to ill;
Ingenuous, universal Good intends,
And has in all his Thoughts the noblest Ends:
Above Temptation; jealous of the loud,
And flies the wild Applauses of the Crowd:
A Patriot-Act would in a Foe commend,
And would condemn Corruption in a Friend:

No Bigot, from all Party-Pique quite free,
 To Knaves in Rages or Lace, an Enemy :
 Loves *Britain's* Welfare, and observes her *Laws*,
 The Courtier's Torment, Envy and Applause.
 Shine out, ye Men of Quality, learn hence
 To shape your Conduct, and improve your Sense.
 Observe, ye Mitred P——, and blush to see
 In one bright Youth such wise Simplicity ;
 His Soul's inspir'd by Virtue, all his Ways
 Are *Ways of Pleasantness*, his *Paths are Peace* :
 No Fiction this, ye Minions, I aver,
 But an existing, real Character :
 The Muse had the Original in View,
 Forgive, Lord *NOEL*, when she says, 'Tis You!

A LETTER from GEORGE KELLY to a Friend at *London* :

With True Copies of the LETTERS he wrote to the Duke
 of *NEWCASTLE* and the Lord *LEICESTER*, the Day after
 his Escape from the *Tower*.

My Dear Friend,

I AM now like the distressed *Trojans*, landed on the wish'd-
 for Shore, and tho' I have suffer'd neither by Wrecks or
 Tempests, nor indeed any Uneasiness of Mind ; however,
 I can't say, but I am as well pleas'd as the *Pious Prince himself*,
 to be in a Place of Safety.

In Compliance then with your Request, I will say something
 in Vindication of the Step I have made, in order to prevent any
 Misapprehensions about it.

It may (I grant) at first Sight appear, not only dishonourable,
 but ungrateful, that a Prisoner, who had an Allowance from the
 Government, who was indulg'd with the Liberty of the *Tower*,
 of riding abroad, and, in short, of every thing that seemingly
 conduced to his Health and Ease, should act in such an unbe-
 coming Manner——(as it has been call'd) which Reflection
 would have had some Justice in it, if this Indulgence had been
 put upon the Foot of *Honour* ; and, in that Case, I do assure
 you, no Consideration upon Earth should have oblig'd me to
 the least Violation of it ; but when I was deny'd the Liberty
 of Pen and Ink, or of speaking to any Friend, but in the Pre-
 sence of a Warder ; When my going abroad was stinted to Four
 Hours in a Day, and clogg'd with an Expence which was im-
 possible for me to bear : When I was perpetually teaz'd, in-
 sulted, and threatned with close Imprisonment (which would
 have

have been certain Death to me) by that *Enemy to all Humanity and Goodness*, Colonel *Williamson*; and, which was worse than all (if worse can be) tortur'd with the *Stupidity and Impertinence* of a *Goaler*, who has just thrown off his Livery, and was of all Creatures, except *Williamson*, the most disagreeable I ever met with in my Life; When, I say, this was my Case, and that all Applications to redress these Evils were in vain, I then began to reflect, what the Meaning of this great Inconsistency could be; first to have an Opportunity allow'd me of going away daily, and at the same time to be loaded with Miseries little inferior to those of a close Confinement; and, upon the whole I concluded, that my Liberty was secretly intended by it, and these Hardships only continued, in order to force me the sooner to regain it: And I was confirm'd in this Opinion, when I heard that Sir *Robert Walpole* should, upon some Occasion, declare in Publick, he was an Enemy to such Imprisonments, and did not care how soon I was Releas'd from mine; but notwithstanding this, I took no Advantage of that Indulgence, for the last time I made use of it, I punctually returned to the *Tower*, and as to what followed, there was nothing farther remarkable, except that it happen'd to be that Day Fourteen Years I was committed a close Prisoner to it.

The Famous *GUSTAVUS* of *Sweden* broke thro' a Confinement, where the Circumstances were certainly very aggravating; yet I don't find the Historians of the Age have branded him with any Dishonour, tho' he was in no Condition, at that time, to make the Gentleman from whom he escap'd, any Reparation, who suffer'd greatly by it; and surely it can be no way blameable in a Person of my low Station to recover his Liberty by any Means, especially when I was under no Ties of Honour, when my Imprisonment was carried in an extraordinary Manner, by an *Ex-post-facto* Law, which has always been look'd upon as the highest Breach of the Constitution of *England*.

Thus, you see, my good Friend, the Plea of Dishonour is quite out of the Question; and as to Ingratitude, I was very far from it: For I freely acknowledge my Obligations to the Prince that now fills the Throne, who, by the Severity of the Act pass'd against, me, might if he pleas'd, have kept me on Bread and Water in a Dungeon: I as freely declare my Sense of them to be so great, that, instead of forming any Designs against his Life, few Persons would perhaps go farther to save it. I must likewise make my Acknowledgments to the Duke of *Bolton* and the Duke of *Newcastle*, whose Heart, I am sure, could not go along with his Hand in the late Advertisement; and particularly to that Great and Good Man, Dr. *Mead*, to whose Humanity and Intercession alone I owe my Life and

all the Liberties that were allow'd me during the long Course of my Confinement.

I must not, upon this Occasion, forget the Civilities I received from several worthy Families in the *Tower*, nor the Gentlemen the Officers of the Guards, who always treated me with the greatest Generosity and Good Nature.

I hope you are now fully satisfied, that there is not the least Tincture of Dishonour or Ingratitude in what I have done; and if Matters had been manag'd in another manner, there would have been no Necessity for my doing it all: For if I were allow'd the Liberties which have been constantly granted on such Occasions, *viz.* that of seeing my Friends without Restraint, and of going abroad with a Warder, which would have made the Expⁿce easy; or if I had been only freed from the Cruelty and Insults of the *Wife*, the *Well-bred*, and *High-born Lieutenant*, I do solemnly declare, that no Inducement under the Sun should ever have prevailed upon me to transgress, or make (what might be call'd) a bad Use, in any Respect, of such an Indulgence.

But, to tell you the Truth, I am now very glad it has happen'd otherwise; for if this had been the Case, or my Liberty entirely given me, common Gratitude must have obliged me to a suitable Behaviour for the rest of my Days, whereas now I am a free Agent, and under no Ties but what are agreeable to my own Inclinations.——Please to make my Compliments to all Friends, and believe me, with great Sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Your most Affectionate and very Humble Servant,

GEORGE KELLY.

P O S T C R I P T.

Since I finish'd this Letter, a scandalous Paper is come to my Hands, wherein I am charg'd with breaking my Word of Honour to the Officers of the *Tower*.

At first Sight, I took it for a *Grubstreet* Performance, but soon perceiv'd it to be many Degrees inferior to the lowest Productions of that celebrated Place. The Falshood and Malice it contains point out the Author, and plainly shew, it must come from the ignorant Head of the *Renown'd Governour Wilkenson*. His Character is so well known, that no body, I am sure, will give the least Credit to his Assertion; and I appeal to His Grace the Duke of *Newcastle*, who sign'd the Order for my Liberty, to Sir *Hans Sloan*, who was employ'd by the Government on that Occasion, to the Constable, Lieutenant, and Major of the *Tower*, if the Word *Honour*, or any other Condition, was ever so much as mention'd to, and much less requir'd of me. The Folly of asserting a Thing which so many considerable Persons could attest to be false, is equal to the Malice
of

of it—to the best of my Memory, he was not in Town when that Liberty was granted; for he gave me so many Occasions of being acquainted with the Inhumanity of his Temper, that when I stood in need of any little Favour, I applied for it when Major *White* commanded, who, tho' very strict in his Duty, yet I will do him the Justice to own, he did it with good Nature and good Manners, two Qualities, to which the *Noble Colonel* happens to be an entire Stranger. Besides, if he had any Idea of what is meant by the Word *Honour*, he must know, that a Person who is confin'd and guarded, cannot be a Prisoner of *Honour*. He who is admitted to go where he pleases upon his Parole, is indeed a Prisoner of *Honour*; and if he does not surrender himself when demanded, it is a Breach of *Honour* in him; but if People in the Custody of Guards or Jaylors, are Prisoners of *Honour*, every Thief in *Newgate* is undoubtedly a Prisoner of *Honour*.

I cannot help repeating what I observ'd to you before, that if the Government had taken Security of my own Word, I should have been still a Prisoner; and I do assure you, my bare Word would have laid me under a stronger Confinement than all the Guards of the *Tower*. But they trusted to no Security but that of their own Jaylors and Warders, without one of which I never stirr'd: And tho' the Permission of taking the Air sometimes abroad, might have given me an Opportunity of going off, which otherwise I could not have had, yet I never had a Thought of making use of any of those Opportunities, not that I was bound in Honour not to make use of them (for I was always guarded, as I observed before) but I thought, if I had gone off in that manner, the Person who had me in Custody might be suspected of Connivance or Negligence, and have been turn'd out of his Place; I therefore chose to attempt it from the *Tower*, with Circumstances very hazardous to myself, that no body should suffer on my Account, whatever should be my own Fate.

As to this fine Gentleman's Vanity (who is only a Deputy's Deputy) in styling himself the *Governour of the Tower*, I am not all displeas'd with it, because it makes him, if possible, more ridiculous; but when he comes to say, it is Felony to assist or conceal me, I cannot so easily pass that over; this shews he is just as learned in Law, as he is in Point of Honour; and I think nothing can be more ludicrous, than to find an *illiterate Surgeon* pretend to decide on either: But I presume he set down every thing that his ill Nature could suggest. And indeed it is no Wonder I should meet with no better Quarter from one who has been heard publickly to rail at the Man who took him out of the Dirt, and raised him to what he is; I mean the late Lord *Cadogan*; and who could not spare Sir *Robert Walpole*, whom he accuses of refusing to pay him a Debt of six Guineas
(a Loss

(a Lofs that went to his very Soul) given, as he pretends by his Orders, to one of Bishop *Atterbury's* Servants.

But these, and some other Anecdotes, will we very proper to be inserted in the *Life and Actions of this Heroick Governour*, a Work with which I intend to oblige the World. In the mean time, I leave him to enjoy the Comfort of his good Conscience and all the Pleasures which Malice and ill Nature can afford him.

To His Grace the Duke of NEWCASTLE.

My Lord,

I Presume Your Grace will not be much surpriz'd at my leaving the *Tower* in so abrupt a Manner, since I had some Reason to believe it would not be disagreeable to the Government, and was withal heartily tired of the Tyranny of that corrupt and contemptible Miscreant, Coll. *Williamson*, whose ill Usage, and Resolution to deprive me of the only Liberty that could preserve my Life, have been the whole Occasion of my doing it.

I have, I do assure you, my Lord, a very just Sense of the Favours which I have received from the Prince you serve, as well as from your self, and shall always acknowledge his Goodness to me; and if ever it lies in my Power to shew your Grace any Marks of my Esteem, you may depend upon all the Gratitude that can be expected from,

*My Lord, Your Grace's
Most Humble and most Obedient Servant.*

To the Right Honourable the Earl of LEICESTER.

My Lord,

Since you are no Stranger to, but have rather countenanced the ill Usage I have received from Colonel *Williamson*, you cannot, I am sure, be any way surprized I should quit my Confinement in the Manner I have done; and to shew the Difference betwixt Men in Power, had either the late Earl of *Lincoln*, or the present Duke of *Bolton* (who always treated him with great Contempt, and me with as much Humanity) been in the Government of the *Tower*, I do assure your Lordship I should never have entertain'd the least Thought of leaving it.

The World, my Lord, allows you to have a great deal of good Nature, and it is to *Williamson's* Importunity and Abuse of that good Nature, that I entirely impute your giving way to such a *Temporizing Sycophant*, who has no Merit, but a mercenary Zeal, and who, upon any Change, would behave to your Lordship in the Manner he has done to me.

I hope,

I hope, my Lord, you will pardon this Freedom, and give me Leave to assure you, I am so far from ascribing any Part of my ill Treatment directly to your Lordship, that I have the best Wishes for your Welfare, and am, with the Respect that becomes me,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

And Obedient Servant,

The THANKSGIVING for the RESTORATION of King CHARLES the II^d. in the *Alembick*. Printed in the *Alchymist*, June 4.

TIS but too customary for us to repent of our past Offences, and the more publick our Repentance is, the more often it happens to be the least sincere. The *Israelites* in the *Desarts*, were often guilty of the most heinous Crimes, and (tho' as often brought to Repentance by rigorous and exemplary Punishments from the Almighty) they nevertheless, seldom kept the Promises made to him in the Excess of their Sorrow and Penitence: They were very religious Observers of the *Annual Feast* kept in Commemoration of their happy Deliverance from the Tyranny of the *Egyptians*, by the Hands of *Moses* their chief Conductor; they could not but be sensible, that they were indebted to him for the full Enjoyment of their Liberty, and the fortunate Days which stayed for them in those happy Climates promised to their Fathers, tho' at the same time, they murmured loudly against their Deliverer, and formed often the Design to deprive him of that precious Life, which he had exposed to save theirs.

The frequent Revolutions which have happen'd in *England* since the *Conquest*, (if we might call by that Name an *Invasion*, supported, pursued, and perfected by the Help of the *Natural Subjects* of a Kingdom) have often brought us to Repentance, but seldom made us wiser. The Torrents of our own Blood which have overflowed the Land, and swell'd our Rivers; the Confusion and Trouble, which have from time to time divided our Hearts into Parties as well as our Kingdom, under the Government of Princes of various Nations, (*whom we have called so often to our Help without Need*, and when we might have been so peaceably governed by our *Natural and Legitimate*

Sere-

Sovereigns, whose Interest it was to consult no other's Advantage than our own) were, in my Opinion, more than sufficient to allay the Inconstancy of our Minds, and make us rest quietly under our *Fig-Trees*.

The *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, have alternately sat on the *British Throne*, which might have been so gloriously filled with NOBLE BRITONS; but our Inconstancy could never bear too long the same Sway, and we have proved in all Ages, as changeable in Government Affairs, as the *French* our Neighbours, do in their *Modes*: Every thing new, of that kind, pleases us best, and we are not long before we repent of our Bargain; if we were so happy as to excel so far other Nations in *Constancy* as we do in *Bravery*, there would be no People comparable with us in the whole Universe.

The better our *Princes* have proved to be, and the more Unity we have been blest'd with under their auspicious Reign, the more eagerly have we wished for a Change. During the Divisions of those two *Illustrious Rivals*, the *Houses of YORK and LANCASTER*: It happened sometimes, that we had no sooner set the one on the Throne, but we took some Measure to prefer him to the other; and since both Houses have been reunited in one, we have gone to *Foreign Parts* to look for a Prince worthy to be our Master, as if the *English Soil* was fertile in every thing else but *Sovereigns*.

USURPATION, however, could not long agree with our Constitution; our voracious Stomachs rising against the Dearth and Frugality, which are its two faithful Companions, tho' we have never missed the Opportunity to shake off that Yoke, when too heavy for our Shoulders, as long as we have kept it in our Power to do it. That of *Cromwell's* having been attended with the more fatal Consequences, has been also the most abhorred by us; that Monster having quenched the Thirst of his Ambition with the Royal Blood of his Sovereign, and involved the Kingdom in a confused Anarchy, from which we could never have been delivered but by a Miracle. The *Almighty*, whose immutable Degrees are absolute, and must be fulfilled, had fixed a Period to the sufferings of the Royal Offspring of that martyred King; and as *King Charles the First* was fallen a Victim to Ambition, he made Use of a disappointed Ambition, to restore *Charles the Second* his Son.

The Return of that glorious Planet the Sun, to the Inhabitants of those Icy Climates, where tenebrous Night reigns for a considerable Part of the Year, can't be attended with greater Demonstrations of Joy, than was the Return of that *Exiled King* to his faithful Subjects; a vast Number of whom were ready to expire in the Extasy of their Joy, washing with a Torrent of Tears that same Earth, which the *Great Rebellion* had dyed with the Blood of their *Loyal Fathers*; the Streets echo'd with the Acclamations

tions of the People, and *Christ's Spouse* pull'd off her Mourning, to dress herself in her Bridal Cloaths. The Nation not satisfied with that transitory Mark of her Loyalty, put that happy Day in her Calendar amongst the most fortunate Days of the Year, and passed into an Annual Law for the Observance of it: O Lord God, (says our Church in her Prayers for that Day) *who hast been exceedingly gracious unto this Land, and by thy miraculous Providence, didst deliver us out of our miserable Confusion, by restoring to us, and to his own JUST AND UNDOUBTED RIGHT, our then most gracious Sovereign Lord, thy Servant, King Charles the Second, (NOTWITHSTANDING ALL THE POWER AND MALICE OF HIS ENEMIES, &c.*

If *King Charles the Second* was restored to HIS OWN JUST AND UNDOUBTED RIGHT, and if we return Publick Thanks to the *Almighty* for that *Happy Restauration*, how could we ever deprive his Heirs of THAT JUST AND UNDOUBTED RIGHT, which was THEIR OWN JUST AND UNDOUBTED RIGHT at his Death, *They being his Just and Undoubted Heirs?* and in condemning those that deprived *King Charles* of it, do not we accuse ourselves? if we think otherwise, we trifle with God, and make a Jest of Heaven: For, by the common Prayers of this Day, we assert the Hereditary Right to the Throne of *Great Britain*, and renounce that of Election, which we have *now and then* usurped. To that *Happy Restauration*, our present Monarch is indebted for his Crown, which we could not give him, since, *Nemo dat quod non habet*: Therefore, I am surprized, that the Ministerial Writers, at the Instigation of their PATRON, take the impudent Liberty to blast the Sacred Memory of a Prince, to whom the present Government stands indebted for all its Authority, Splendor, and Glory: for, I would not be so unjust as to suspect the Clergy, which are the Interpreters of our Intentions to the *King of Kings*, to be capable of uttering Falshood at the Face of his Altars, and in the Presence of the tutelary Angels of his Sanctuary, when they promise that Day, is the Name of the whole Nation, Obedience, and true Allegiance, to the *Lord's Anointed*, and to his Legitimate Heirs for ever. The Enemies of the *Illustrious House of the Stuarts*, cannot object, that that Form of Prayer was framed without Deliberation, since it has been confirmed and authorized by two Acts of Parliament, which is the Oracle of the People, the Orthodoxy of whose Decrees cannot be questioned, without Temerity and Impudence.

A PRAYER for the RESTAURATION DAY.

The CXXIXth PSALM Parodied.

1. **M**ANY a time have they vexed me from my Youth up: but they have not prevailed against me.
2. They have taxed me from my Mother's Breast, they have exposed me to the merciless Waves, like *Moses*.
3. They have appretiated my Head with a Price, they have set Snares to entrap me, and Murderers to lay wait for me, they have thirsted after my Blood.
4. But the righteous Lord hath hewn the Snares of the ungodly in Pieces, the Almighty has defeated their wicked Purposes.
5. I called upon the Lord in trouble; and the Lord heard me at large.
6. The Lord is on my side: I will not fear what Man doeth unto me.
7. The Lord taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my Desires fall upon mine Enemies.
8. I shall not die but live; and declare the Works of the Lord.
9. Mine Inheritance shall be restored unto me, I shall deal amongst the Children of my Father.
10. The Gates of *Sion* shall be opened unto me, I shall reign in the Land of my Nativity.
11. The same Stone which the Builders refused, will BECOME THE HEAD STONE OF THE CORNER.

F I N I S.





The HISTORY of *Livia* and *Augustus*,
from FOG's Journal, July 16. 1737.

ARTIFICIAL Memory, we are told, consists in an imaginary Disposition of Things; by the Reflection on which, the Mind is assisted more distinctly and with greater Ease, to recall what was thought worthy of, or necessary to be remember'd. For this, every one may take such Method as is most agreeable to the Fancy; some have supposed Beasts, the different initial Letters of whose Appellations, answer to the 24 Letters of the Alphabet, and each of these, they divide into five Parts, as, into the Head, the Fore-Legs, the Belly, the hinder Legs and the Tail; which furnish the Memory with a Number of Repositories: For Example, would we remember a Master-Stroke of Policy, we may place it in the Head, which Part of the Beast we reserve for the Repository of the most artful and most heroick Events. Thus, if we would give an Example of some brave and surprizing Stroke; of a Battle, or a Sea Fight, I call to Mind the Beast, which I had before imagined, and whose Appellation begins with B for Battle, (as under that Word I comprehend all Engagements, either by Land or Sea,) and immediately occurs *Basilisk*; then, as 'tis something grand, and exemplary that I want, or something Politick, or a Compound of both; I examine the Head of the *Basilisk*, and there I find the *Sicilian* Action, under the Command of Sir G. B. Would I call to Mind something mean and contemptible, immediately occurs *Canis* beginning with C the first Letter of *contemptible*. I rummage the Tail of my Dog, *Canis*, as the proper Repository for mean Submissions, Flattery, &c. and this shews me the *Spaniards*, first haughtily insulting our Merchant Ships, and immediately *meanly* endeavouring to appease our *Resentment*, by disowning the Action; casting it on particular Persons, whom they are willing to give up Victims, (when they are discovered,) and consenting to pay the *Depredations when Commissioners have fix'd the Damage*. Thus, would I look for particular Characters, as of *wise Men*, I think of the Beast which begins with W, the *Weasle* presents itself to my Imagination, and examining his Belly, (if 'tis an Example of Modern Sagacity, that I would recall to Mind) I find painted in his Guts, a little weasle-faced Gentleman surrounded with *Westphalia* Hams, Cooks and Secretaries; Couriers, Bailiffs, and Executioners; writing Warrants of Commitment, and Receipts for extracting the Juice of dry'd Nutmegs: Or a lusty, fat, sneering, jolly Fellow in a Laboratory dispensing to a Parcel of mean rotten consumptive Creatures

Aurum potabile, by which they immediately grow fat and fair to the Eye, tho' their Inside continues putrid; or perhaps a Committee of *Roman* Senators withdrawn from the trifling Affairs of State, surrounded with Eunuchs and Singers, weighing out and selling Air to the People for ready Money: Or a Senator in his Closet, marking Cards, and contriving how to substitute them in the Publick Gaming Houses in the stead of the fair Packs prepared by the Inspectors of such Houses. But, this Method of Artificial Memory, as it is confined to 24 Repositories, multiplied by five, I do not think sufficiently comprehensive; beside, the Names of Beasts may not so readily occur till it has been long practised: Wherefore as the *English* are excellent *Masons*, if not the principal of *Europe*, and can with great Facility build Castles in the Air, I should rather recommend the raising a Palace in the Imagination, with a long Gallery, divided into several Rooms, which we may make and distinguish with the 24 Letters, and add a Number of Chambers *ad libitum*, by placing a Figure over each Door, with, or without the Letter, as, *A* 1, *B* 2, or 1, 2, &c. and in these we may separately place our Ideas, Imaginations, Characters, &c. having but this Palace, and divided it into convenient Apartments, which is very easily done, to prevent Confusion, we must lay up our Fancies under general Heads; such as Things remarkable for *Wisdom*, *Folly*, &c. Such as are Objects of *Wonder*, *Scorn*, *Ridicule*, &c. here we may treasure up all Sayings and Actions of great Men; Stratagems of War, different Arts of Government; Treaties of Peace; Tariffs of Trade; Schemes for raising Money; the Political Knacks of bamboozeling; Flowers of Ministerial Rhetoric; the Rules of dawbing, and the Address of barefaced Corruption, with whatever else History may furnish us with, to be imitated or eschew'd. We may so contrive our Building, as to have Apartments for great Men, and lodge them as conveniently, as we can their Words or Actions. For Example, we may place all the good Emperors, Patriots, and Legislators, in one Apartment; which need not be very large; tho' for the Tyrants, Pseudo-Patriots, corrupt Judges, and pernicious Favourites, such as a *Commodus*, a *Nero*, a *Gaveston*, a *Tresilian*, &c. I would advise allotting a very spacious Hall, as they are pretty numerous. How advantageous this Method may be to *Orators*, *Senators*, *Plenipotentiaries*, and others employed in either Church or State, or training up to perpetuate the Blessings we experience at Home, and the Figure we make in Foreign Courts, is too obvious for me to mention, without offering an Affront to my Readers: But beside the Publick Benefit which may accrue, by these Pilots of State being, at all Times and in all Circumstances, able to direct themselves, by examining the Consequences of all the Actions, Behaviour, Management, Treaties, &c. of the great Men of former Ages, they will, by visiting these different Apart-

Apartments, thus founded, furnish'd, and inhabited by Fancy, find an inexhaustible Fund of Entertainment. In whatever Disposition he may be, visiting these Apartments, where he may place the living as well as the dead, he may be sure to find Company to indulge to that particular Cast of Mind, and as the Mood alters he may without Ceremony, or Fear of disoblighing any, shift the Scene, and enter into Conversation with a Set of Companions of his immediate Way of thinking. Thus he may say, that *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, he is *never less alone, than when alone*. When I am in a Cynical, Splenetick Humour, I take a Turn into my Gallery, and enter the Apartment of *State Fools*, where I am sure of finding a Cure for the Spleen. *Caligula*, or some other of his ridiculous Stamp, diverts me with his Extravagancies. I see him there, rolling on Heaps of Gold, and extorting immense Sums from his Subjects; raking to himself all the Furniture, Pearls, and Jewels left to *Rome* by former Emperors, and making himself sole Legatee to the Will of *Tiberius*; encouraging Slaves to inform, that he might seize on their Masters Estates; raising prodigious Sums upon the People for his Daughter's Fortune; taxing every Thing that was sold in *Rome*; debauching and taking away other Mens Wives, and the Senators of *Rome* meanly adoring this Monster and kissing his Feet. I see him, strutting under a Load of Jewels, and admiring his own contemptible Figure, follow'd by a Crowd of Parasites, or make him, as he's the Slave of my Fancy, act over again his Mock Triumphs, and bullying all Mankind, while I see his Coward Heart tremble in his Breast. These monstrous Follies in him, and Degeneracy of the *Romans*, never fail to excite my Laughter on the one Hand, and heighten my Contempt of the World on the other. From my Visits to the different Apartments of my Gallery I am arrived to that Point of Sagacity as to be surprized at nothing I either hear or see; am always easy under whatever Disappointments, and with Calmness expect to see any good Fortune which attends me, shift the Scene: Tho' 'tis certain, that from my ill State of Health my Mind is affected, and I am not Philosopher enough, not to be sometimes subject, as other Men, to the Sallies of Passion. However, a Turn in my Gallery, soon recovers my Reason, and I am, by Conversation with some of the Sages of Antiquity, shamed out of my Weakness.

I prescribed lately this Method to a very Splenetick Gentleman of my Acquaintance, and he is entirely recovered from his Distemper. He told me the other Day, coming to thank me for effecting his Cure, that he had allotted an Apartment for your State Mountebanks in particular, and that he thought a Couple of Brothers, who have not been long dead, conduced more to the restoring him to his Health, than all the awkward Apes of great Men, he could take out of History to in-

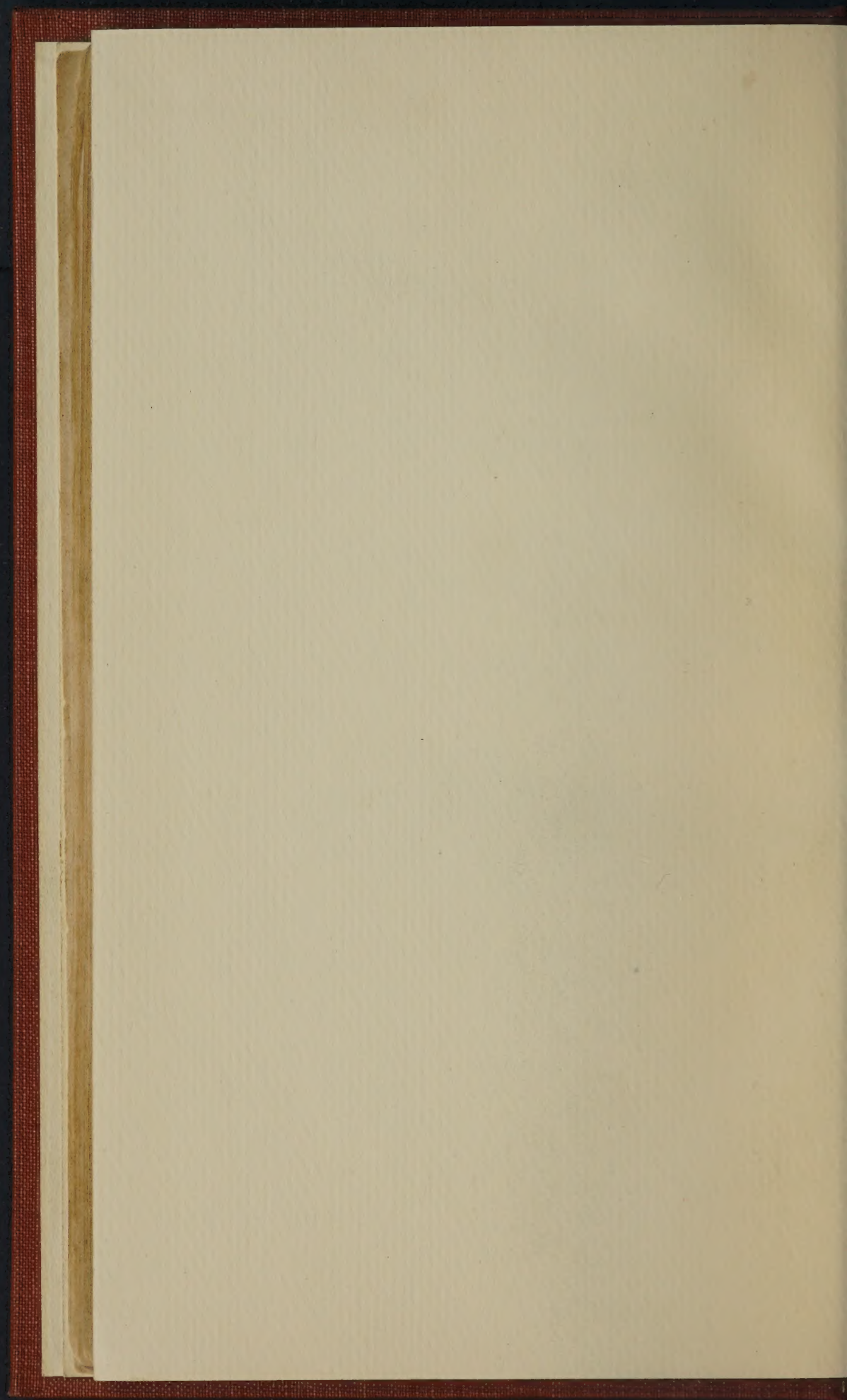
habit this Room: For, continued he, one of 'em, a little dirty awkward, ridiculous Fellow, who holding up his Breeches, bows like the late famous *Dicky Norris*, in the *Trip to the Jubilee*, before he opens his Mouth, sets me into a Laughter at his sole Figure; but when I make him assume his Airs of Consequence, and bring him into the Circle of a shining Court, or to the Presence of a long-headed, wily, Minister; the Behaviour of the poor amazed Wretch, the Sneers and whimsical Looks of the Courtiers, or the dry and contemptuous Mien of the old Minister, gives me such a violent Fit of Laughter, that I am forced sometimes to shift the Scene. Those who do not know that I have this Set of imaginary Companions, seeing me suddenly burst into these Cachinnations, think I have changed my Distemper, and that I am not altogether sound in my Judgment. *Facile est inventis addere*. I have refined upon your Lesson, by adding a Drawing-Room, for myself, which is so contrived, that by Doors answering to the different Apartments, I can call in any, and either converse with him singly, or make him act over again, before me, such Scene or Scenes of his Life, as I shall pitch upon. I called in, the Day I read the Paper of *Common Sense* upon *Kicking*, *Augustus*, and set him to kicking a Football, his former usual Imperial Diversion, and was not a little pleased to see the Emperor at this Sport, in his high Shoes, and *Roman* Triumphal Robe, as my Fancy had dress'd him; on a sudden my Fancy surrounded him with a Crowd of Courtiers, who were extravagant in their Praises, and by that heighten'd my Satisfaction: One extolled his Air in kicking; another, his Strength; a third, his Agility, and all allowed it to be the most healthful, Majestick, and innocent Exercise that ever was used by a Prince; advising, that by a Decree of the Senate the Practice of *kicking* might be restrained to the peculiar Family of the *Cæsars*. I asked *Augustus* why he had made Choice of this Diversion? He told me, that he had been grievously troubled with the Gravel, and he found this Exercise eased him. Then said I, you will reap a double Benefit, if instead of a Football, you would kick these *Adulators*. *Augustus* who was, you know, a wise Prince, took the Hint, and replying; that such *Rascals* were indeed fit for nothing but *Footballs*, kick'd 'em all out of the Apartment, which gave me an inexpressible Pleasure, and taking Leave of the Emperor, we retired to our different and usual Retreats. *Augustus*, said I, had in general an amiable Character, and his Empress *Julia* has been handed down to even, our Days, as a glorious Example of Virtue, yet neither the one nor the other is without Stain. He is taxed with Cowardice, and with debauching the Wife of his Friend *Mæcenas*, to say nothing of the Cruelty of his Proscriptions; and she, with *baudling* for her Husband. I am not, replied my Friend, an Advocate for Vice, tho' it appears

appears in a Robe of State, and encircled with a Diadem; therefore shall not make any Excuses for the Emperor: But I am of Opinion, that what you object to *Julia*, as blameable, is a Mark of great Virtue and Wisdom, nay, I may say too of Publick Spirit. In the first Place, you will allow that it must be a great Self Denial to give up her Rights as a Wife, and when she found her Husband's Passion wear off with the Charms of her Youth, nothing could be more prudent than thus to secure his Friendship, by becoming useful to his Pleasures; by this Method she kept him at Home, and prevented his leaving the Management of the Publick Affairs, to some *Blood-Sucker* of a Minister, while he went in Search of Foreign *Bona-Roba's*, squander'd the *Roman* Treasures, and oppress'd the *Roman* People with innumerable Taxes, to support not only his own Vices, but those of his Minions and Favourites, and to satisfy the Avarice and Ambition of his Minister, as did his Successor, *Tiberius*, when he shut himself up, regardless of the Affairs of the Empire, in the Isle of *Capraea*. *Livia* therefore foreseeing the Difficulty, or rather Impossibility, of reclaiming a Man whose Head was seized by the little blind Tyrant, who in his new Empire, grew more despotick, as Years diminish'd the Strength of Reason in her Husband; and from her Judgment perceiving the consequential publick Mischiefs, like a true Mother of her Country sacrificing her particular Satisfaction to the Interests of the *Roman* Empire, may be said, to have devoted herself for her Country; was a glorious and laudable *Bawd*, and ought to be mentioned with as much Honour, on this bare Account, as *Regulus* or *Curtius*, if your Envy to this Empress, will not rather attribute this Self-Denial to her Policy; and object that *Augustus* was an Usurper upon the Rights of the Commonwealth, and that she might apprehend, had others minister'd to his Pleasures, and he had, to avoid shocking her Sight, withdrawn from *Rome*, the *Romans* might have taken the Opportunity of his Absence, to shake off the Yoke, notwithstanding the Authority of a dissolute, corrupted, adulating Senate, which she must know, was contemptible in the Eyes of all brave, generous, and Publick-Spirited, *Romans*: But in Case you take this for the Motive of her Complaisance, you cannot rob her of the Glory which she merits, as a Wife, who preferr'd her Husband's Interests to her own. I find, said I, you are very zealous in her Defence; wherefore I will leave her all the Glory of having overcome that Pride, which commonly stimulates a Wife, who sees a Rival preferr'd, and will not object that she had any Views for her own Safety and Interest; was either covetous or ambitious; tho' 'tis visible *Augustus* could not be deprived of the Empire, but *Julia* must have been involved in the Misfortune. But give me Leave, however, to dissent from you with Regard to the Virtue of this Empress, since 'tis
said

said she had an Amour with *Augustus*, before he married her, and she consented, for that Honour, to quit the Husband she was at that Time actually with Child by. *Augustus's* Opinion of her, replied my Friend, gives the Lie to that scandalous Story, and I suppose by the *Roman* Laws her second Marriage lawful. The worst that is said of her is, that she was *ambitious, pliant, a great Dissembler*, and had *low Cunning*.—— But we have rambled far, let us break off here, my Watch admonishes me that 'tis Time to put an End to this Visit. Upon my Friend's taking his Leave, I sat myself down in my great arm'd Vehicle which often carries me round the Globe, and flew to my Gallery, where I found two of our former *English* Monarchs in a very warm Dispute, which I listened to with such Attention, that I brought it away in my Memory, committed it to Paper, and may, perhaps, one Day, make it a publick Entertainment.

F I N I S.





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